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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Rent Control Should Go

UNDER a regime of rent freezing people do not move, unless the income-earner is transferred to a new employment so far away that he cannot go on living in his old home; and then he usually goes through a complicated transaction of exchange with somebody else who is also rent-frozen in similar accommodations. The result of this freezing is extremely detrimental to the efficient use of the existing rentable accommodations, for in unfrozen periods there is a constant flow of people whose economic or family conditions have changed, from accommodations which are no longer suitable, to accommodations larger or smaller, costlier or cheaper, as the case may be. This flow has been practically stopped for five years, and current studies of the housing situation in both American and Canadian centres show that concurrently with a housing shortage there is an amazing waste of habitable space.

Mr. W. H. Bosley's *Real Estate Review* cites a 1947 study of Detroit as showing that since 1940 population has increased 18 per cent and dwelling units 24 per cent, yet there is a grave housing shortage and thousands of people are living in cramped tenements while others are occupying an extravagant amount of space. It cites also figures of population and housing units for Toronto, showing that the supply of the latter has more than kept pace with the growth of the former since 1939, so that occupancy per unit is now 4.26 persons while in 1939 it was 4.32 persons. "If the 4.32 ratio were applied to the existing housing in the Toronto area today we should have a surplus of 2,500 units."

Deaths, the marriage of the younger members, and the disappearance of domestic servants who "lived in" are the great causes of the diminution of the size of households. We have personal knowledge of scores of such households which in 1939 consisted of five, six and seven people and which by these three causes have been reduced to two, three and four. Most of these are still occupying precisely the same space as they were eight years ago; the family income is almost always as great and usually greater, and the controls make the rent attractive. Nothing will cause the movement of these families into more suitable premises except the abandonment of controls; and with controls gone many of them will be willing to take in sub-tenants, which they have refused to do hitherto because of the extreme difficulty of getting rid of them when they prove undesirable.

With commodity prices coming down it should be possible to get rid of the freezing system, which has been most unjust to all those returned service men and others who had no tenancy rights when the freeze came into being.

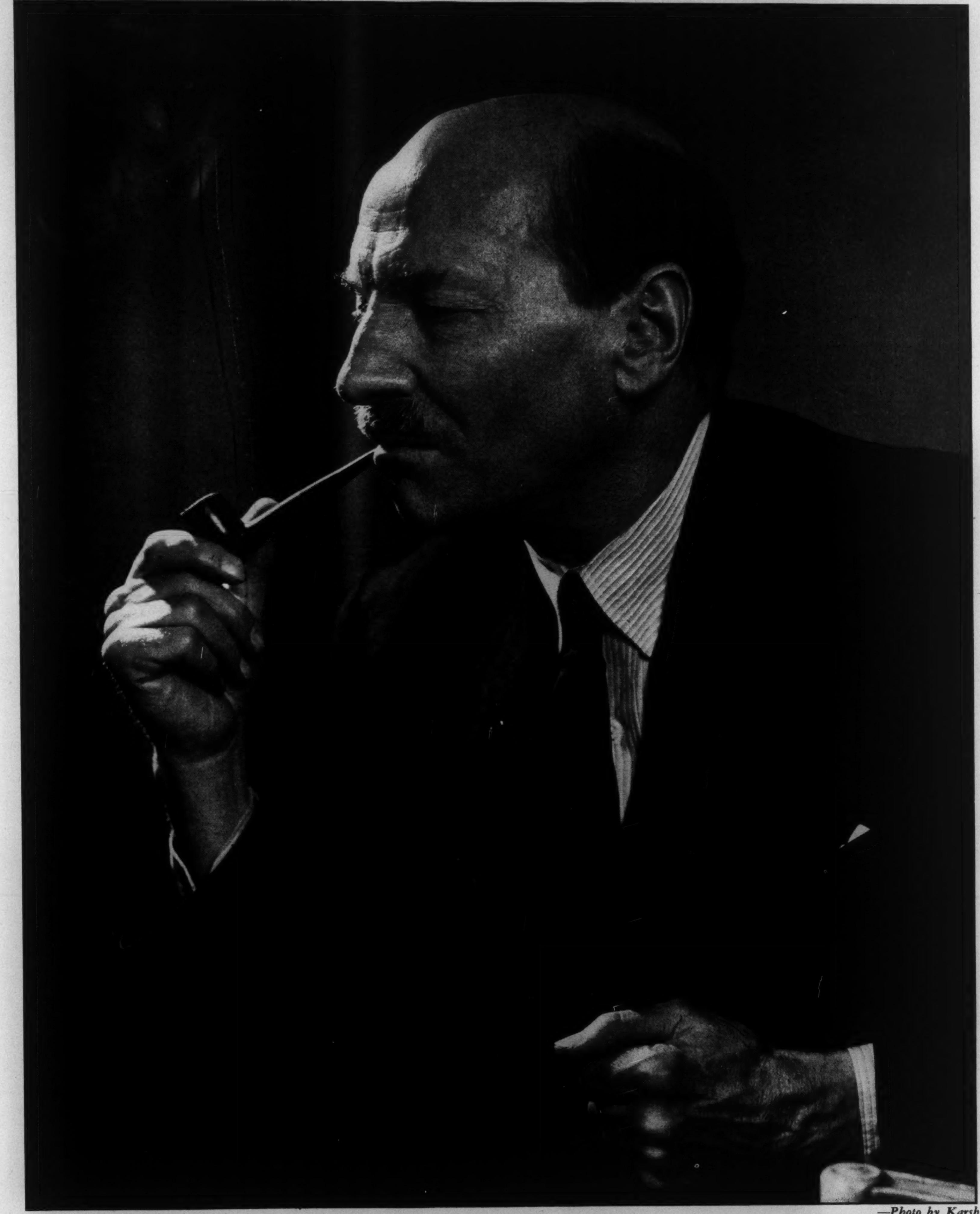
Is Mr. Howe Serious?

MR. HOWE is trying to get business men to save U.S. dollars—to buy less from the United States, to make things here that might otherwise be imported, and, if possible, to export more to that country. All these changes involve time, trouble and expense. No business man will change his production methods or his capital equipment or his markets unless it is really necessary.

There would be little question about the need if Mr. Howe himself did not make misleading statements about how long the dollar shortage was going to last. The other day in Halifax he said: "I am hopeful that before many months go by our reserves of United States dollars may be built up to a point where present-day restrictions will no longer be needed."

This is not only nonsense, it is dangerous nonsense. As the Bank of Canada's annual re-

(Continued on Page Five)



—Photo by Karsh

Prime Minister Attlee's position, somewhat overshadowed by the rise of Economic Minister Sir Stafford Cripps, has been made more difficult by British labor's refusal to accept the wage-freezing program.

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After Seven Months, Officials and Immigrants

Story and Pictures by Gordon H. Jarrett

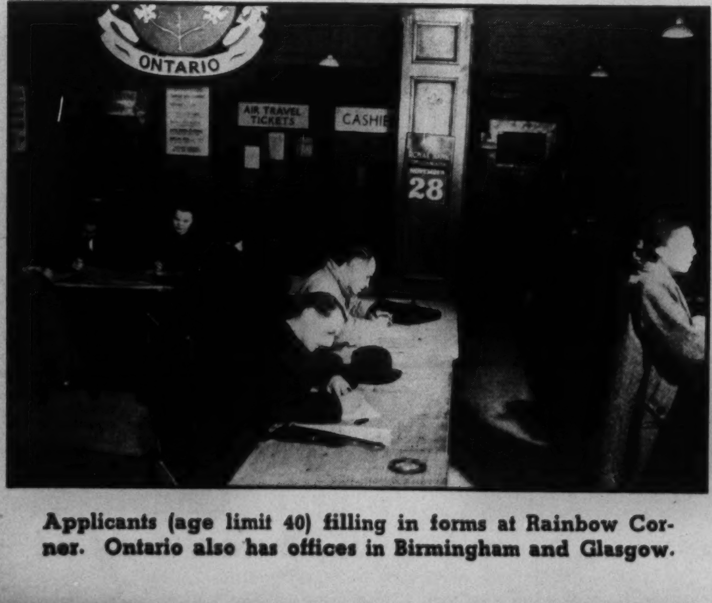
NOW TO ONTARIO
CANADA
ONTARIO AIR
£67

Over 6,000 Britons have so far come to Canada under the Ontario government's air plan. London offices were set up last year at Rainbow Corner, Piccadilly Circus.

BOVRIL
CANADA'S WEEKLY
GUIDE TO EMIGRANTS

"Canada's Weekly," outside Canada House, Trafalgar Sq.

J. S. P. Armstrong (left), Agent-General for Ontario in the United Kingdom, interviews higher-income applicants.



Applicants (age limit 40) filling in forms at Rainbow Corner. Ontario also has offices in Birmingham and Glasgow.

WITHIN two weeks of the day they walked into the Piccadilly office in London to apply for emigration to Canada hundreds of men and women have found themselves settled and working in Ontario. Of the more than 6,500 British airborne emigrants who have come to Canada in the past seven months under the Ontario Air Migration Plan, over 90 per cent have found employment within three days after they landed at Toronto's Malton Airport. The success the Plan has achieved in placing the new Canadians in jobs has not been a matter of coincidence.

First, all applicants undergo a careful screening. And, of equal importance, the case history of previous training and employment is flown out in advance of the emigrant, allowing labor-placement officers to offer him suitable job possibilities the day he sets foot in Canada. Only British subjects are accepted under the Plan, with the age limit set at 40. Applicants are welcomed if they have experience in agriculture, forestry, mining, building or any type of industrial work; if the prospective emigrant has experience only as a clerk or unskilled office worker, he or she is not eligible for air transport.

WHILE the emigrants are selected on the basis of job opportunity in Ontario, there is no compulsion to remain in the province once they arrive in Canada. The government gives no guarantee of a job, offers no help in the matter of the £67 fare and £20 landing money, and realistically warns of the housing problems here. Only the working members of a family are eligible for air transport but a man and wife may come together if both are seeking employment and if they have been able definitely to arrange for housing here.

The majority of the Britishers who have been flown out are unmarried and about 10 per cent are women; one third are husbands coming in advance of their families. Ontario House cooperates in helping dependents secure sea passage and, to date, 750 have already arrived. In addition to the emigration office at London's Rainbow Corner, Ontario House has opened information offices in Glasgow and Birmingham, and sends interviewing teams to see prospective emigrants at Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester.

While the emigrants are told that they are under no compulsion to accept the jobs that will be offered them on arrival, they are also plainly informed that they will be discouraged from entering trades, industries, or centres where congestion already exists.

Part of the Plan is a follow-up system which will keep contact with the man or woman after they have found their first job and first home and will help them to become successfully assimilated in their new country.

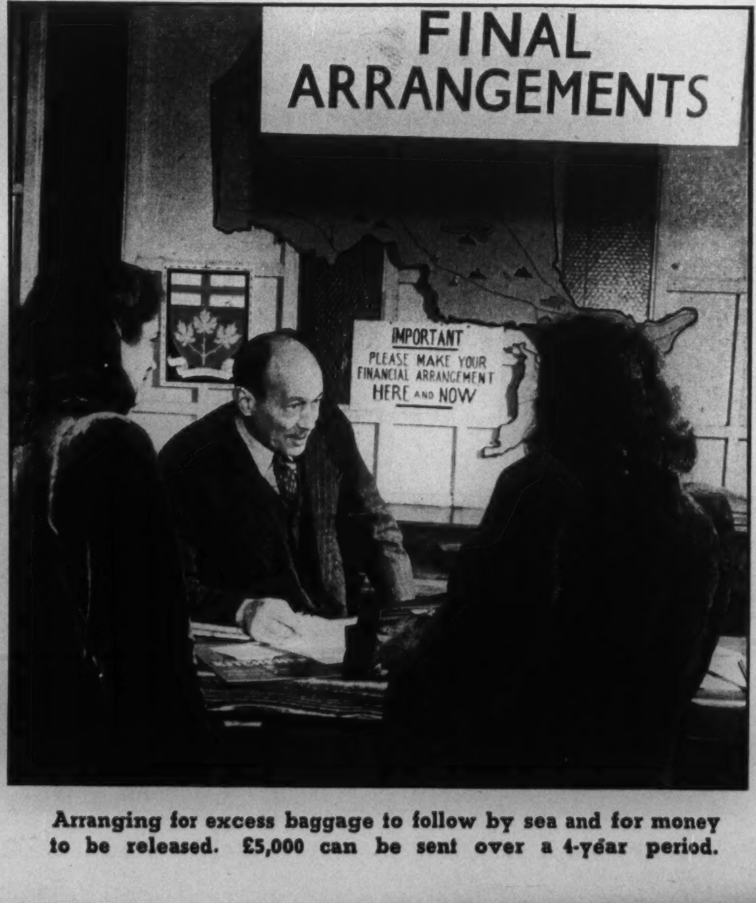
OFFICIALLY, Ontario is not urging Britishers to come to Canada. "The Plan is not designed to actively solicit emigration", says J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent-General in the United Kingdom for Ontario, "it is intended only to give added transportation facilities to the backlog of many Britishers who have already made up their minds to emigrate but have been unable to do so because of the shipping and air-travel congestion".

British government officials offer every assistance to Britishers wanting to emigrate to Canada, even allowing each emigrant to transfer up to £5,000 over four years.

Concerning the mechanics of the Plan, which will be continued on into the summer and will bring the total to 10,000 by that time, Dana Porter, Ontario's Minister for Immigration, says "a complete machine has been organized at both ends, selecting the emigrants cautiously in Britain to make sure they are types that can be successfully absorbed and settled, then placing them upon arrival in work where they have every reasonable opportunity of satisfactorily establishing themselves. We guarantee no jobs or homes but of the 6,500 delivered, only 50 or so have returned, and certain of these have re-applied."

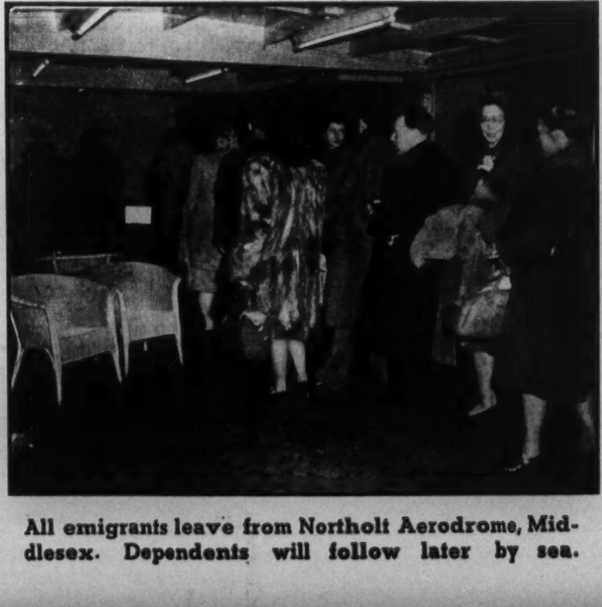
THE number of new citizens who will come to Canada with Ontario government help may not be great, but the kind of immigrants the Drew government is accepting may have a significance out of proportion to their numbers. At a time when thousands of "displaced persons" in Central Europe are striving to get to Canada, these Britishers—more skilled in their trades and more conservative in their politics than most Middle Europeans—should have an important leavening influence among the postwar crop of immigrants.

Medical test is under Dominion government regulations. Dr. Colin Ferguson, ex-R.C.A.M.C., is shown at Rainbow Corner.


FINAL ARRANGEMENTS
IMPORTANT
PLEASE MAKE YOUR FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENT HERE AND NOW

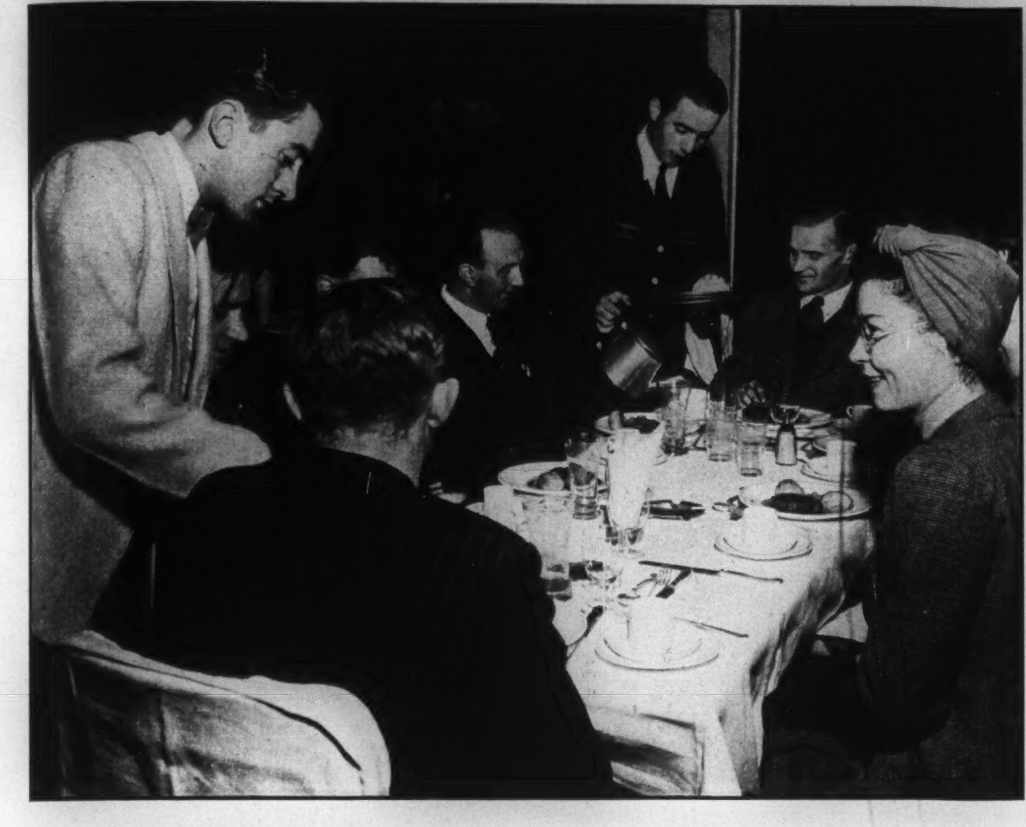
Arranging for excess baggage to follow by sea and for money to be released. £5,000 can be sent over a 4-year period.

Emigrants can have their passport photos taken in the same building in order to save time.

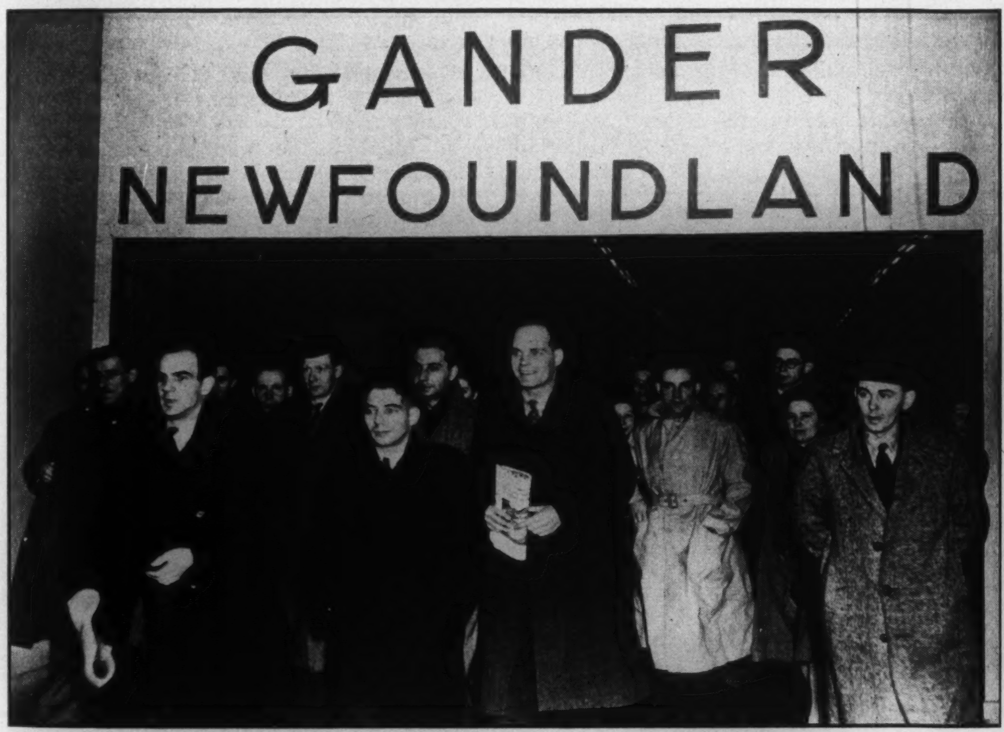


All emigrants leave from Northolt Aerodrome, Middlesex. Dependents will follow later by sea.

Agree That Ontario's Air Scheme Is Excellent



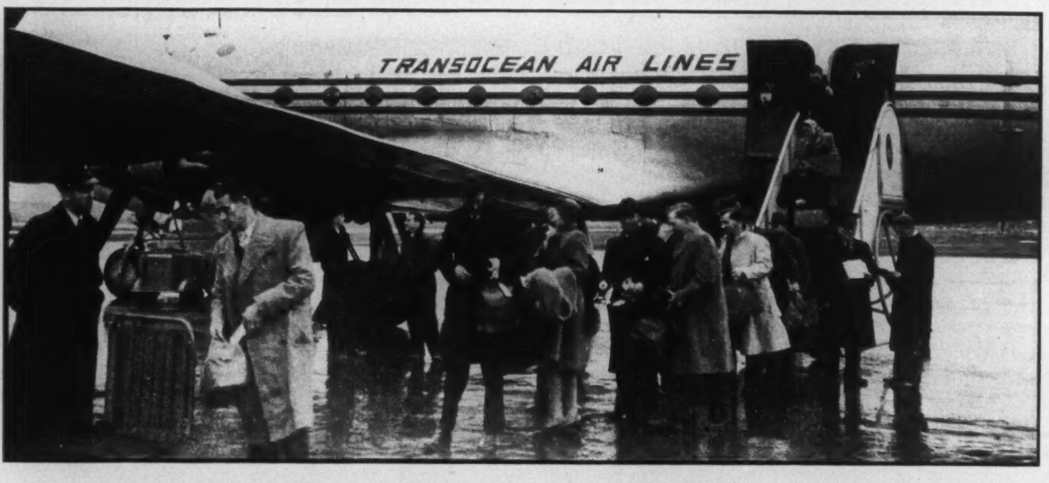
First meal is at Shannon Airport where there is a two-hour stop for refuelling and weather-checking. The sight of steaks, eggs and white bread brings smiles.



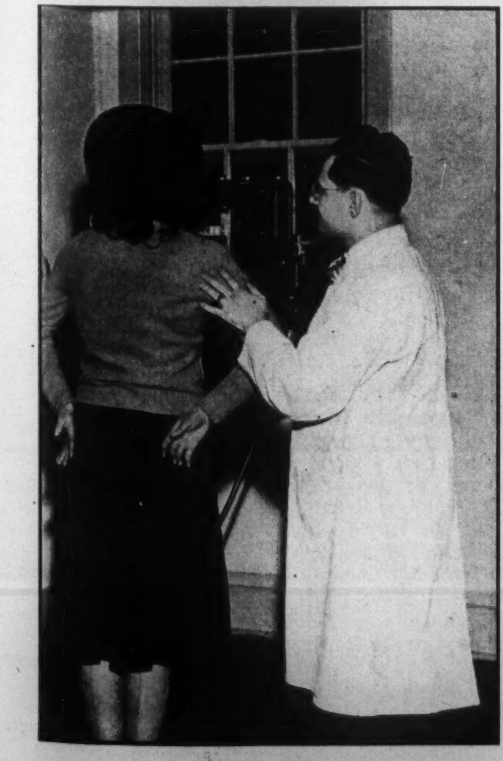
Nine or ten hours after leaving Shannon, plane lands at Gander where there is a stop-over of two to three hours so that passengers can disembark and stretch their legs.

Over Prince Edward Island immigrants look eagerly out of windows to get their first sight of Canada, their new home. Trips are made by Trans-Canada and Transocean Airlines.

Crew members of the five planes operating on the scheme are all ex-service personnel. Crew landing at Gander stays to sleep and the one from preceding plane takes over.



On arrival at Malton Airport, immigrants are met by officials of the Ontario Government, Red Cross and Salvation Army and taken by bus or taxi to Toronto immigration centre.



After customs examination at Malton, a second T.B. X-ray is now being given.

On arrival at immigration centre, tea is served and cigarettes handed out. Women stay here for five days, men . . .

. . . go to Salvation Army hostel. Job-placement officers who already know immigrants' qualifications, get busy finding them jobs.

Dear Mr. Editor

Native Labor

WITH reference to Arab employees of overseas units of American oil companies, you say, with high western rates of pay, they work well (S.N., Feb. 7). Is this the prevailing American policy?

During the recent war I was for eighteen months attached to the R.A.F. in West Africa. Five months of that tour were spent in the River Gambia colony at the capital, Bathurst, where I had an opportunity to observe the British policy with native labor. The construction of the enormous B.O.A.C. flying-boat base was then in progress, and native help was paid approximately one shilling and sixpence per day, most of which had to be used to buy food. World conditions had increased costs there as elsewhere, but wages could hardly have been less conducive to incentive breeding. The natives, of course, knew they were being exploited and had to be prodded continually.

Another matter of interest to the few Canadians who were in West Africa in 1943—it was intensely amusing as well!—was the veil over Britain's wartime development and expansion of civil air services. The base was being built around us by B.O.A.C., to be leased to the R.A.F. for the war's duration; yet we were constantly hearing the moanings of B.B.C. news announcers and commentators concerning American expansion in the same field. The implication, of course, was that Britain, giving her all to the war effort, was in no position to develop or attend to civil air services. We know that this was not so, as do chaps who served in other theatres and saw the same activity going on around them.

Woodstock, Ont. A. A. Mowat

More on Canada for U.S.

WITH a certain amount of consternation I began the reading of the article by Peter Alameine (S.N., Jan. 24). As I continued my consternation turned to something like anger. Indeed it is hard to understand how one who has accepted the hospitality of another country can dare set himself up to bring such severe and so largely unwarranted judgment to bear on a whole people. It may be trite to say that generalizations are dangerous; but in this case it is not only patently true, but the indictment involves also a breach of good manners.

Surely a blast like this can do untold harm in our mutual understanding. I for one cannot let it go unchallenged. I have been here for five months from Canada, and, while I have often been bewildered by attitudes and behavior of my new friends here, good manners and the hope of better understanding would be sufficient to prevent my outspokenly adverse criticism. I have found that when the information is not simply rammed tactlessly down their throats, literally hundreds of Americans are only too glad to know more about Canada and indeed plan to visit the country. I would suggest that our departments concerned get much more literature on Canada into American hands.

Norwich, Conn. (Rev.) John F. Davidson

Class Strife

IF, AS you say in your editorial, "Against Class War" (S. N., Jan. 31), the Vatican "is committed to the proposition that profits are not in themselves immoral," then this is surely a reversal of the attitude taken in the Middle Ages as enunciated in an economic casuistry by the great doctors of the Roman Catholic Church, notably St. Thomas Aquinas. No doubt all the Vatican has to do now is to hedge the dogma of the morality of profits with the cloak of divinity and such a profession will show so close an identity of belief with your editorial outlook that we may expect a more active crusade on behalf of the universal church in the columns of the Saturday Night.

The attitude of Christ on this subject is consistent throughout the synoptic gospels, and perhaps finds its clearest expression in the Sermon on the Mount. Like the poor, class division has existed in history from the earliest times; it will probably continue to exist in some form or other in the future. Class division, of course, does not imply class strife. Whether such strife develops depends on the nature of the economic relationship between the classes. Why then should those Protestant communions which still attach a stigma to profits give up their fundamental beliefs in order to align themselves with an economic order that has provoked class strife by translating natural inequalities into most glaringly obvious and accelerating artificial inequalities?

In any case most Protestants since the Reformation have not been in the habit of looking towards the Vatican for doctrinal leadership. It is not likely that the modern deviation from Christ's teachings will cause a reorientation at this late stage and it is to be hoped that the recalcitrant Protestant communions will continue to find their Christian principles in the New Testament rather than in a transitory economic set-up. Only in such consistency can the Christian faith be saved from vitiation and contempt.

Toronto, Ont. A. F. Hart

Photo by Howard

When the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir presents its annual a cappella concert in Massey Hall, Feb. 25, MADAME LUBKA KOLESSA, Toronto's gifted Ukrainian-born concert pianist, will be guest artist. Mme. Kolessa has brought honor to Canada and the Royal Conservatory of Music where she teaches senior students. Last month a Carnegie Hall audience gave her a great ovation. Mme. Kolessa is also famed for recordings and broadcasts.

Wheat Trading

WITH reference to Mr. Deachman's letter (S.N., Jan. 24) his investigation of fall and spring prices of wheat over a period of twenty years may have been made for those years when the provincial wheat pools and the Wheat Board were operating. Complete freedom of trading in wheat as it used to be cannot exist with either of these two agencies in the field. In the days of real free trading farmers clamored to get the machine first in order to get threshed before the price dropped. The local elevator owner advised his friends to buy in the fall and sell in the spring and collect a profit.

When my crop was not reduced by frost, drought, smut or hail and I had the leisure to attend to the business, I bought wheat in the open market after selling my own, and always came out with a profit when I sold in the Spring.

The small producer generally does not have the time or knowledge to do more than check the elevator buyer on grade, weight, and dockage and he is wise if he leaves planned selling to experts.

Mr. Deachman wants an open market now with its higher price, which means all the traffic will bear, regardless of the present difficulties of the British people. It is to be noted that the great majority of wheat producers are satisfied with present prices. Whether this will do them any good in the future or not, it will always stand to their credit.

Vancouver, B.C. F. White.

A United North America?

MY OWN opinion on Hume Wrong's talk about pooling natural resources with the U.S. is that we should include political pooling. The difficulty of the Royal Family, for which all Canadians have a real affection, could be got around. Truly Congress presents terrible spectacles at times but no worse than Ottawa. Annexation will create many new problems but let's have some new ones since we have never solved the old ones.

That U.S.-Canada boundary is an anachronism. A United Europe is in prospect. Why not a United North America?

Wainfleet, Ont. C. C. Willson

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Passing Show

THERE are people who expect U.N. to keep order in the whole world, but won't let it even try to keep order in Palestine.

•

"M.P. Protests Price Increase of Overalls"—heading in Ottawa *Journal*. With an over-all price increase how could they escape?

•

A mining note from the Soviet Union indicates that 45,000 men are now digging for uranium in Silesia. Up, Tovarish, up and atom!

•

A Canadian architect suggests that, following nature, we should have a heating unit in the ceiling to act like the sun. And a few inches of slush on the living-room floor?

•

Toronto is trying to think of a way of getting rid of its pigeons. It might at least discourage them by removing all the public statues.

•

Requiem II

Out on the street, when I've finally flopped,
Dig the grave if my heart has stopped.
Glad did I live except when I shopped,
And I paid, though the prices were whopping.

This be my verse when I breathe no more:
Here he lies, and the scramble is o'er:
Home is the sucker, home from the store,
And the shopper home from the shopping.

J.E.P.

•

Skiing is now a billion-a-year industry in the United States, and this doesn't include the hospital bills.

•

Naturally a girl can't get anywhere in figure skating without a figure.

•

A million-dollar fund is being raised for a memorial to Henry Ford, which is to be something that won't get scrapped so early as the existing ones.

•

A trustee of the American Medical Association says that the family doctor is becoming extinct. And very wise of him too, for so is the family.

•

"Stalin Must Have Peace" is the title of a recent book on Russia. But he can't have all of it; we want a little ourselves.

•

Some of Canada's fellow-members in the U.N. are in arrears on their dues. "There's an IOU in the United Nations."

•

End of the Dream

The "crash" towards which some nations are said to be moving may be just the alarm clock going off to tell them it's time to get to work.

•

Toronto police are demanding a five-day week, and if they will unionize the criminals and get them on the same schedule we are all for it.

•

The trouble with regimentation is that when you stop worrying about ceilings you have to start worrying about floors.

•

In the village of St. Sevère, Que., there are two vacancies in the council for which nobody can be found to run. Compulsory voting is not enough; compulsory candidating, that's the stuff. (With Severe penalties.)

•

Lucy says it is time the cold war with Russia was put on ice.

• •

TABLOID

HERE they all are,
Dramatis personae of the human scene:
The tired girl who wed the millionaire,
The movie star, the killer and the queen.
Here are the victims of the mine explosion,—
The piteous living and the pitiful dead,
Just as the camera caught them; and here the ruins
Of flooded towns show how the waters spread.
Here are the parents of the boy whose playmate
Shot him while playing with a loaded gun.
Why do the eyes that stare from the page accuse you?
It's not your tragedy, your town, your son!
The play intrigues, but it cannot include you.
While the loose lions of disaster rage,
You are the safe spectator, idly making
A Colosseum of the printed page.

R. H. Grenville

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

port, published last week, points out we are by no means out of the woods yet, nor are we likely to be in a few months. "Having in mind the present level of our gold and foreign exchange holdings, and the magnitude of our trade with other countries, there is clearly need to increase these holdings."

If Mr. Howe wants industry to take his dollar saving program seriously he will have to take it seriously himself.

General McNaughton

OUR Canadian delegate to the Security Council of the United Nations, General McNaughton, is going to work himself to death unless he or someone else is careful. He has not been relieved of his already heavy duties as our representative on the Atomic Energy Commission; and this month he is taking his turn as Chairman of the Security Council on top of it all. In an excellent series of articles about U.N., Mr. I. Norman Smith of the Ottawa *Journal* describes the challenge involved in this terrific load of work, and then continues:

"But the General seems to be altogether fascinated by the challenge. . . Forward he leans in the chair, his head bent slightly on one side the better to hear. . . However tough the going he stays in pursuit. . . He appears to approach every argument in the belief that only misunderstanding and bitterness prevent a settlement and that if he sufficiently ferrets out the truth everyone will join hands and live happily ever after. . . There is the danger, perhaps, that he will not be able to sustain this almost fierce energy in behalf of Council and international peace. . .

"High as is the quality and zeal of his assistants their number is small in comparison with that of other delegations, and upon them all but in particular upon the chief falls no mean burden."

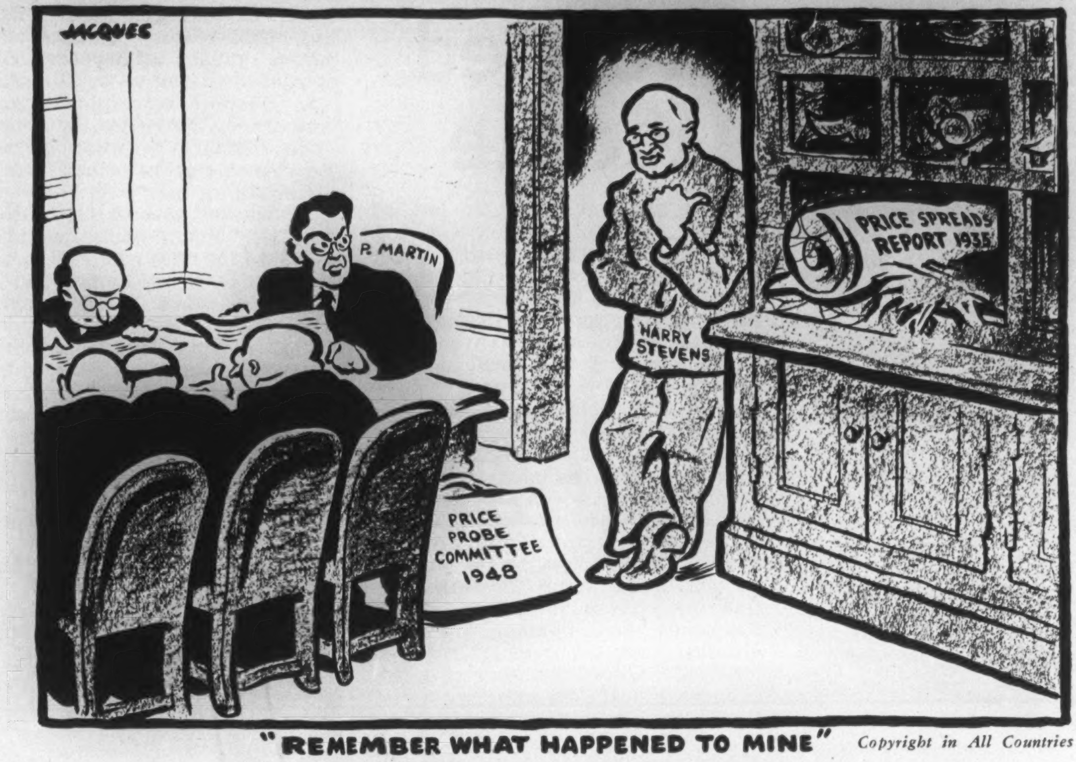
We can think of half a dozen occasions during the past few years on which the Canadian delegations to international gatherings sought and obtained positions of high honor and responsibility for this country—such as a seat on the Security Council. On none of these occasions did the government decide beforehand who they were going to appoint to those positions; usually the problem of making an appointment took them almost unawares, as it seems to have done in the case of General McNaughton. The final result has always been that some official, already grossly overworked, had to take on the job with quite inadequate staff and with, indeed, little to support him but the cheers of his gratified countrymen.

As long as the Prime Minister was running the Department of External Affairs as a private sideshow of his own, this sort of thing was almost inevitable; but now that there is a Minister of External Affairs it is quite inexcusable.

Rights of French

"I DO NOT think it is up to the Legislature to create a church," said Premier Duplessis last week when asking the public bills committee of the Legislative Assembly to throw out a bill incorporating the "Eglise Canadienne de la Pentecôte," which the committee obediently did. The decision raises some questions. We doubt whether the Quebec Legislature has maintained or will maintain a rigid principle that no religious body shall be granted an act of incorporation in the province of Quebec. There are quite a lot of Protestants in that province, and it is one of the characteristics of Protestantism — not perhaps the most admirable one—that it tends to create new churches with great freedom. We can hardly believe that a new church thus created and consisting wholly of persons domiciled in the province of Quebec would be compelled to go to Ottawa and take out a national charter.

But such churches in Quebec have almost always in the past been composed of English-speaking members and incorporated under English titles. We suspect that the real objection to the "Eglise Canadienne de la Pentecôte" lies in the language of its title, and particularly in the second word which it contains, and that if it had applied for an act under the title of "Canadian Pentecostal Church" it would have met with much less trouble. As we are strongly convinced that the rights of the two languages are and ought to be absolutely identical, we feel that the decision that the term "Eglise," or "Eglise Canadienne," is not to be permitted in Quebec, while the term "Church" in English is permitted, is definitely an infringement of the rights of the French language. There is nothing in the British North America Act to suggest that only members of the Roman Catholic Church are entitled to exercise those rights and use that language.



"REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO MINE" *Copyright in All Countries*

Mix-up at McGill

THE Board of Governors of McGill University has passed a resolution designed, apparently, to restrict the political activities of members of the staff. However the resolution seems a bit mixed up.

To begin with, it prohibits all deans of faculties from being members of parliament or of legislatures, and all full-time professors from being cabinet ministers. The underlying principle, it seems, is that because the university pays the full-time salaries of these men it is entitled to their full-time services.

It is clearly undesirable that full-time members of university staffs should take *any* outside employment which materially interferes with their university work. If the resolution of the Board said this there could be no quarrel with it. On the other hand a reasonable amount of outside activity, political or otherwise, keeps a university in touch with its community with results that are good for both.

In the second place the Board's resolution seeks to prevent any member of the teaching staff from joining the executive body of any political party, regardless of how much or how little of his time might be involved. This is a deliberate and flagrant interference, not only with the personal freedom of the members of the staff, but with the processes of democracy. The members of the staff have a right, in a free democratic community, to take an active part in political organizations; the community has a right to demand that the services of university men shall be available for that purpose.

Pacifism Again

WE ARE apparently threatened with a resurgence of the pacifist trend of thinking among religious Protestants (Roman Catholics are protected from it by the explicit teachings of their Church) which did so much to hamstring all efforts for preparedness before the second world war. Mr. Charles Herbert Huestis, the religious editor of the Toronto *Star*, wrote last week that "One reason for the weakness of the church at the present time is its failure to witness to its faith by refusing to support the war and to rebuke its government for engaging in it," and the context makes it clear that he was referring to the war of 1939-45. This means that the faith of the Protestant churches required them, in Mr. Huestis's view, to oppose all armed resistance to Hitler.

Among other things this means also that the churches should oppose the membership of Canada in the United Nations, for that membership obliges us to participate in military operations against nations declared to be guilty of aggression, and it is splitting hairs to describe such operations by any other term than war.

Preaching of this sort in Canada is no doubt just as congenial to the friends of Stalin today as it was to the friends of Hitler in the 'thirties. Both kinds of people knew that there was no danger of its spreading to the countries they respectively favored, with their autocratic rule and their complete suppression of all thinking not approved by the government.

Preaching of this sort encouraged Hitler to believe that he need not bother about the Americans, nor even much about the British; the Russians, who were not amenable to it, he had to tie up by a treaty; had he known how many nations would ultimately throw off their pacifism and unite to destroy him he would never have started his war. Mr. Huestis is possibly helping to start the third war by inducing Stalin into a parallel error.

Speaker and Party

IN VIEW of last week's disorderly scenes in the House of Commons about the practice of appealing from the Speaker's rulings, and particularly in view of the Prime Minister's statement that the members who appealed "must have known" that a certain ruling was correct, we feel compelled to remind our readers that there is absolutely no resemblance between the Speakership of the British House of Commons and the Speakership of the Canadian House of Commons.

At Westminster the Speaker is a permanency, sitting through successive parliaments of different political complexion; he is chosen for his special aptitudes for the post and acquires more and more skill and impartiality as his tenure lengthens. There is universal confidence in his complete detachment from party ties, and his decisions are practically never questioned.

At Ottawa the Speaker is always a member of the government party, and knows that the departure of his party from power means his own departure from the chair.

It is useless in these circumstances to expect at Ottawa the same general acceptance of the Speaker's rulings as at Westminster, and we have to add that in recent sessions they do not appear to have been entitled to it. Whatever may be said of the particular decision about which Mr. King said that opposition members "must have known" that it was right, we have very little doubt that the next decision—that Mr. King was in order when he made that remark—was wrong, and the fact that it was upheld by 107 to 90 does not alter our opinion in the slightest. We are apparently not alone in our view, for the Montreal *Star* observes editorially that "Our opinion happens to be that the Speaker was right twice and wrong once" in the three decisions appealed in that week, and the "must have known" decision was surely the most open to attack.

The appeal is always from a decision given in favor of the government, and is always voted down. It is therefore actually an appeal to the electors, who have no great qualifications for judging the questions, and cannot render judgment anyhow until the next election. Speaker Fauteux, who is clearly aware of the evils of the situation, has proposed that the appeal should lie to the committee on privileges rather than to the House, and should be supported by argument. We are not convinced that this would improve the situation. What would certainly improve it is a Speaker who would give the opposition rather than the government the benefit of the doubt in borderline cases, and a government majority which would support him in doing so. That, in Canada, is probably too much to hope for.

A decision that Mr. King was imputing motives would have done the government no serious harm, would have made cabinet ministers more careful than they now bother to be, would have greatly enhanced the prestige of the Speakership, and would probably have been right.

Black-Out

LAST Monday, when, without warning, Toronto Hydro engineers pulled the switches, a friend of ours happened to be in an elevator. A lot of other people were in the same elevator, together with an operator who, as bad luck would have it, was not quite skilful enough to bring the car to rest at the next floor. So they all stayed in the car, between floors and pressed snugly against each other, for half an hour.

We live in the world where everything is upset. Even the weather seems to be conspiring with Mr. Stalin and other sinister forces to make life uncertain and uncomfortable. It is these things (rather than the ambitions of power-hungry bureaucrats) that lead to continued government controls, restraints and restrictions.

We had a lot of experience of government controls and interferences during the war. Canada had a name for doing these things better than most countries. The secret of success in wartime, apart from the obvious fact that everybody was willing and anxious to work together to win the war, lay in the fact that so many of the country's leaders took such great pains to explain what they were doing and why they were doing it. As far as possible they took people into their confidence. There was no black-out on explanations and discussions.

There were ever so many examples of them during the war. We can recall the discussions that Mr. Howe used to have with industrial leaders before plunging into a new web of controls; the talks that the late Mr. George Spinney used to have with financial men about the war loans; the continuous work of the Consumers' Branch of the Prices Board built up to keep Mr. Donald Gordon in touch with what women all across Canada were thinking and wanting.

These are examples that all our public men will do well to keep in mind. In a democracy the public has every right to expect to be trusted—and to insist on it.

Unfortunately there are instances all around us of governments and officials that cannot make up their minds to trust us with information about past events or warnings about coming events. The Dominion government still only gives us information about our reserves of U.S. dollars when they think it is good for us—or when they think they cannot get away with secrecy. But the prize instance for 1948 will, we trust, be this week's action of the Toronto Hydro. According to *The Globe and Mail* next morning the general manager of that organization said: "Power shortage can be met only by saving power, and announcement of interruptions in advance would only have brought a storm of protest."

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The Aristocrat has the finer taste.

J. E. M.

Imaginative Policy Needed to Keep Canadians Home

By JEAN TWEED

Canada needs more people. Our birth rate is not sufficient for our present needs, let alone the future. One way to increase the number of Canadians is to keep more of them in Canada. Up to the present time we have emigrated almost as many people as we have immigrated. In this article Jean Tweed reports on why Canadians leave home, and how they might be induced to stay here. In succeeding articles, Mrs. Tweed will deal with immigration and report her findings on a suitable immigration policy.

CANADA is rather like a railway station. For every ten people coming in, no less than nine are climbing aboard outgoing trains. Those figures are roughly accurate. Between 1851 and 1941 6,700,000 came to Canada and 6,400,000 left. A net gain of 400,000 in 90 years. It seems hardly worth the trouble.

Now it may be this is true of immigration and emigration everywhere. There is some reason to believe there is numerically a constant floating population in the world, which dashes hither and yon wherever things look prosperous, and which, over a period of years tends to cancel itself out in the terms of any one country. However, if, as present policy claims, Canada needs a larger population, we would be wise to arrest in Canada some of these perpetual travellers—sort of fix up the waiting room with a few easy chairs and some comfortable lounges.

But before changing the *décor*, it is best to consider the people who are going to use it. What people are leaving Canada, where are they going and why? Usually when we talk about the people Canada has lost, we point out Mary Pickford, Walter Pidgeon and Norma Shearer. And someone else says invariably and with justification, "So what?" But the problem is not the loss of the odd celebrity, it is all the skilled workers, the technicians, the engineers, the professors and professional men who leave with such dispatch. These people represent the loss of considerable investment; Canadian money was spent on their education and training, and we lose the benefits which might have resulted from their talents.

Any doubts that we are losing our trained, skilled, technical help may be dispelled by a few instances. In engineering faculties at Canadian universities it is usual procedure for the top, bright boys, to be snapped up by United States industries before the end of third year. Some companies have standing orders at different technical faculties and colleges for a certain number of qualified men a year. The salaries offered these lads is considerably higher than they could expect in Canada. Another instance was the loss of the French Canadian textile workers to Rhode Island and Massachusetts. At the moment we are importing textile workers wherever we can find them, at no inconsiderable cost in some cases.

Heavy U.S. Drain

As for where these people are going, the Canada Year Book supplies some fine statistics. Our heaviest immigration has always come from Great Britain, and although we lose some people to the U.K. we always come out in the black. During the railway expansion era Central Europe and the Orient were excellent labor sources. But our loss to the United States has nearly offset that gain. On page 189 there is a section headed "Presumed Permanent Movement of Population Between Canada and the United States, Years Ended June 30, 1935-45." The final column of figures says "Net Movement into (+) or from (−) Canada". The addition of the "into (+)" phrase is sheer redundancy since the column features as fine a list of minuses as can be seen on a defunct company's income statement. In 1935 our net loss was only 3,974, but by 1945 we had descended by graduated steps to −10,504.

Such figures are disconcerting to say the least; take 1945, for instance: only 2,689 Canadians returned home after living in the States while 3,074 were forced back by deportation or the threat of it; 2,827 U.S. people came here to live and 5,138 U.S. citizens scurried back across the border, 188 were deported. Canadians who decided to seek fame and/or fortune across the line numbered 11,079. That last figure has risen alarmingly in the last two years, if the rumored estimates are true.

So much for the numbers and the people who leave. Now then, why do they? The answer seems to be, greater opportunity. For a long time United States has offered higher wages, and expanding economy, more kudos and lower income tax. Recently our lower cost of living was helpful, but we are eliminating that advantage as rapidly as possible.

Inevitable?

Well, says the skeptic, if things are so much better in the States, it is inevitable that these bright laddies will leave. Then, having accepted the inevitability of loss, he starts looking Pollyannaishly for something to be glad about. Hugh MacLennan in "Two Solitudes" gives a satiric portrayal of this attitude. By losing all these restless college people, we have retained our own stability, his financier philosophizes. "Down there they could write their books and broadcast their ideas, and compared to the average American they were probably fairly stable citizens. . . . We have discovered a great social secret in Canada. We have contrived to solve problems which would ruin other countries merely by ignoring their existence."

A country based on an agricultural economy does not require an army of technical men. Until well into this century Canada was engaged predominantly in a more primitive economy. As Gilbert Jackson, Toronto consulting economist, phrases it, "We were the Gibeonites—the fetchers of wood and water. . . . We sold grain rather than flour; cattle rather than beef; hides rather than leather; and so forth all along the line." But if, today, we are prepared to take the position, as well as the profits, of middlemen and manufacturers, some very unpalatable facts have to be faced.

We are a bit late in entering the industrial world markets, and formidable competition awaits us. Like any new competitor we must offer better products at lower prices if we are to divert some of this trade our way. At the same time our standard of living mustn't drop. Therefore we will have to utilize every bit of brain-power and know-how that this country possesses. Dr. James Conant, president of Harvard University, has been quoted as saying "We shall have rapid or slow advance in this direction or in that depending on the number of really first-class men who

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are engaged in the work in question." And the unfortunate truth for Canadians is, that many of our first-class men are leaving in droves.

Industry requires a large labor pool of skilled and technical men. These are the people who are responsible for new ideas, improvements in efficiency, and methods of increased production. Out of laboratories have come whole new industries, such as radio, transportation, communication, films, television, more than can be reckoned in numbers. Our national health depends on such people. New discoveries in drugs — penicillin, sulpha, insulin, vitamins and the rest. The ceiling in our war against disease seems to be the number of trained scientists available. In wartime we depend on such people for new weapons, new defences. And Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the United States, points out that more and better scientific research is essential to the achievement of full employment.

Why Have These Stayed?

Now certainly all of these useful citizens have not left Canada. We have here many fine technicians, scientists, professors, doctors and such. Very few of them are wealthy, and not many more of them have received much public distinction. Why, then have they stayed? Most of them were offered better jobs elsewhere. Well, some of them feel a moral debt to the country of their birth; some wish to build Canada into a glorious future; and some of them just happen to like it better here. But it seems a trifle insecure to base our future on the good nature of these men; that their tempers may be fraying is evidenced by their increased emigration.

If this description of the people in the railway station is accurate, and if we realize their value, what can we do to change the *décor* and induce them to stay. John Bartlett Brebner, noted American historian, deals with this subject at some length in his book "Scholarship for Canada", published by the Canadian Social Science Research Council. More money says Dr. Brebner, and more imagination on the part of Canadian industry, for one thing.

First, then, a green picture of King George, tastefully framed, might be hung advantageously. This is a joint public and private responsibility. The taxpayer is already footing part of his bill in various government projects such as agricultural research and experimental farms; the National Research Council; and the recently-created employment service set up for technical and professional men. All these services can be extended, however. Dr. R. K. Stratford, chief research chemist of Imperial Oil Ltd., in a report to the Chemical Institute of Canada in 1945 made three recommendations. First that government and industrial research organizations should all maintain a definite portion of their fundamental research in the universities across Canada. Secondly that the number of field men, particularly in various government services should be increased as much as 50 to 100 per cent. And thirdly that technical institutes might be set up across the country to coordinate and improve the efficiency of technical men in field service.

More Research Energy

To date private industry hasn't kept up to the level of government expenditure on research. In pre-war years in Great Britain private industry stood about 35 per cent of the total, while in Canada the figure was somewhere between five and seven per cent. The present figure is no doubt much higher, although no accurate records have yet been compiled. However, if private business expects to keep any control over research, and receive the advantages of such ventures, they will have to show more energy. Canadian industry must not expect to yield the ultimate in profits yet. More money should be plowed back for expansion purposes and research development.

According to some experts as much as two per cent of a company's expenditure should be for research (that would include the wages of the technical men so employed), and the smallest amount should be one per cent. This expenditure is not merely to employ technical men for the sake of giving them jobs, but would yield results which increase the company's income. The skeptics say, "But many big Canadian companies are affiliated with United States firms who do the research for us." That is quite true, but the Canadian company still depends to some extent on the domestic market or it wouldn't be here. And the more prosperous Canada is, the more products can the Canadian affiliate sell, and the more profits can it make. Therefore Canadian companies, affiliated or not, should still be supporting Canadian industry as a whole by contributing to research foundations, universities et al.

The Income Tax Department recognizes scientific research as a normal part of business expenditures, and in a special section allows deductions from taxable income. In no way are such deductions connected with "charitable donations", they are a legitimate business expense incurred to increase income.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, of course. But Great Britain has found it most nutritious to expand research with the consequent employment and recognition of technically skilled men. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research which is supported jointly by industry and the government estimates that industry saved £3,250,000 with an expenditure of £440,000.

Therefore if we are to effect such a saving for ourselves we might follow the pattern of both the United States and Great Britain . . . coordinate our research, support it publicly and privately, give imagination and skill a broader, more secure field, and then perhaps we would find that our young men no longer needed to leave home.

Export is based on a superabundance at home, leaving a surplus for sale in other countries. So far there seems to be no proof that Canada has yet a surplus of imagination and brains for export.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Process of Reaching Conclusions About the Liberal Leadership

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THOUSANDS of paragraphs have been written about the Liberal leadership and many thousands more will be ground out of battered typewriters before the Liberal Convention of this coming summer is over. Comment of this kind is just as hypothetical, just as "iffy"—to use the late President Roosevelt's coinage—as the "dope" in the sporting sheets about the coming horse races. No one alive can say now with any confidence what candidates will be in the running for the Liberal leadership next August. Still less can anyone predict who will come out on top. That will not prevent a vast amount of discussion about the strengths and weaknesses of the probable contenders, and any number of guesses as to the favorite.

The Liberal leadership is, of course, popular conversation material at Ottawa. Everyone talks about it, from the gallery pages to cabinet ministers, and if one listens to enough comment and gossip on the subject one becomes reasonably convinced of a few broad conclusions.

There was a widespread conviction, a few weeks ago, that Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent was already "in," by a gentlemen's agreement among the contenders which would assure him an acclamation. That, I am now told, is an error. At least one other hat will be in the ring if Mr. St. Laurent is a candidate. That hat will belong to the Minister of Agriculture. And anybody who knows James G. Gardiner is aware that if he runs, he will put up an impressive battle. He will go to such a convention with an almost incredible record of consistent political success behind him.

A comparison of the respective qualifications of these two men would be very interesting. Though each is much stronger on some counts than the other, both of them fulfil many of the essential tests of a political leader and a prime minister, and the sum of all their gifts might show little to choose between them. Of course it is one thing to debate on an abstract level the talents and potentialities of such candidates, and quite another thing to examine the prospects of them winning the majority of votes in an election. The man best qualified to be Prime Minister may not be the man best qualified to win out in a rough-and-tumble popular convention.

Mr. Gardiner has a slight edge on the Minister of External Affairs in the delicate matter of age. He was born on November 30, 1883, which makes him 64 years and three months; Mr. St. Laurent was born on February 1, 1882, which makes him 66 years and nearly an additional month.

No "Caretaker" Leader?

This point is documented rather fully because some Liberals argue that neither Gardiner nor St. Laurent should present himself, that in the interests of the party a younger man should be chosen. "Why go through all this now and then have to face another convention in four or five years?" these critics ask. In their view the eminent qualifications of Mr. St. Laurent, or, for that matter, Mr. Gardiner, are outweighed by the grave disadvantages of choosing a leader who could in any event hardly be more than an "interim" or "caretaker" leader while some younger man was being groomed and matured.

The proposal to nominate Mr. St. Laurent has inevitably opened up some of the old festering sores of cultural and religious animosity. There are a good many people in Canada, one grieves to admit, who would regard it as a national calamity to see a French Canadian Catholic again elevated into the seat of the Liberal leader, and thus, for a time at least, into the Prime Minister's office. One likes to think that such bigots are not very numerous in a party which calls itself Liberal, but there are enough. There are other Liberals who have no personal bigotry but who still deplore as a likely menace to party and national unity the nomination of Mr. St. Laurent to the party leadership.

National Unity

The Minister of External Affairs, of course, is deeply aware of these factors, and indeed has said that if his nomination appears as a threat to national unity, he will withdraw his name.

(I happen to be one of those people who believe that the emergence of Louis S. St. Laurent in national politics has been one of the most constructive events in the recent history of Canada, and that his succession to Mackenzie King would help bring the two principal cultural groups of Canada more closely together. One kind of leader in Canada who makes for national unity is an English-speaking leader of sympathy and tolerance, like Mackenzie King. At least he does not antagonize the French Canadians. But they never feel, in their hearts, that they are engaging in a true partnership unless they know that there is no political post in Canada to which a young French Canadian Catholic cannot aspire. It was a great day for Canadian unity when Wilfrid Laurier proved that such an event was possible. A French Canadian Catholic, like St. Laurent, whom the great majority of English-speaking Canadians would come to respect and admire even if they did not love or politically support, could continue the Laurier tradition.)

The argument of age may conceivably prevail to keep both St. Laurent and Gardiner out of the running, although it may be noted that in 1919 the fact that Fielding was 71 years of age by no means disqualified him from being a strong contender — so strong, indeed, that he came within a slim margin of defeating Mackenzie King. Of course what nearly happened in 1919 is now being used by opponents of both St. Laurent and Gardiner as an illustration of the mistake a party would make if it elected an elderly man. Look what we would have been up against if we had chosen Fielding in 1919, they say. Fielding fell ill soon afterwards, and after the inevitable period of party weakness we should have had to go out and choose another leader. For the sake of the party in the long-term future, these Liberals say, it would be better to cast about at once among the younger fry.

There are some easy rebuttals to such an argument, of course. Men like Gardiner and St. Laurent may well have at least a decade of the most vigorous life before them: and besides, the decade lying immediately ahead may be most critical in Liberal party fortunes and indeed the life of Canada.

All these discussions leave out a man in the early middle-age group, to wit, Rt. Hon. J. L. Ilsley, a minister whose administrative war record will never be forgotten by Canadians. Mr. Ilsley was 54 last month. Had anything happened to Mr. Mackenzie King during the early war years, fate would almost certainly have made him Prime Minister for a while. Why is he not now prominently in the running? There has, indeed, been a minor boom for him in Nova Scotia recently, but political realists here do not take it very seriously. Mr. Ilsley has, I understand, no great ambitions in that direction. He does not himself think his talents lie that way. My own guess would be that he will end his days on the Bench, perhaps in the Supreme Court. In an open convention, he would run third to St. Laurent and Gardiner. The Quebec vote will tell, and either of the others is stronger there than he.

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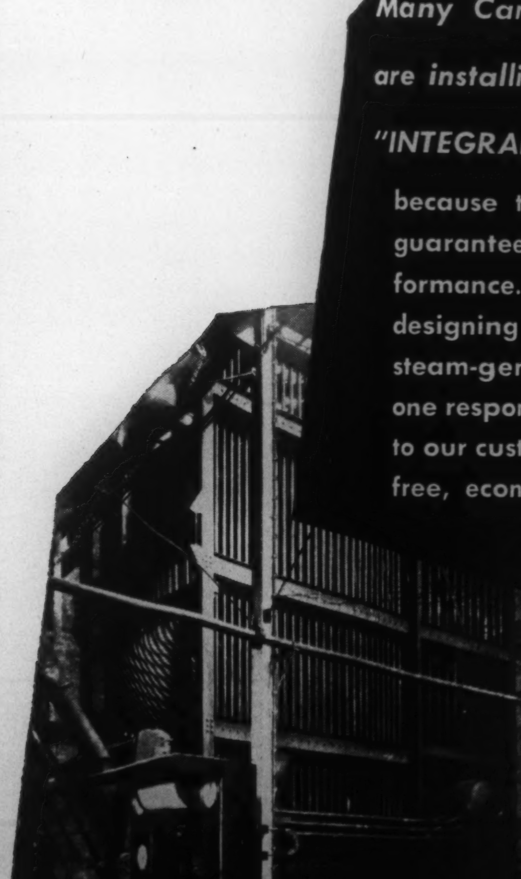

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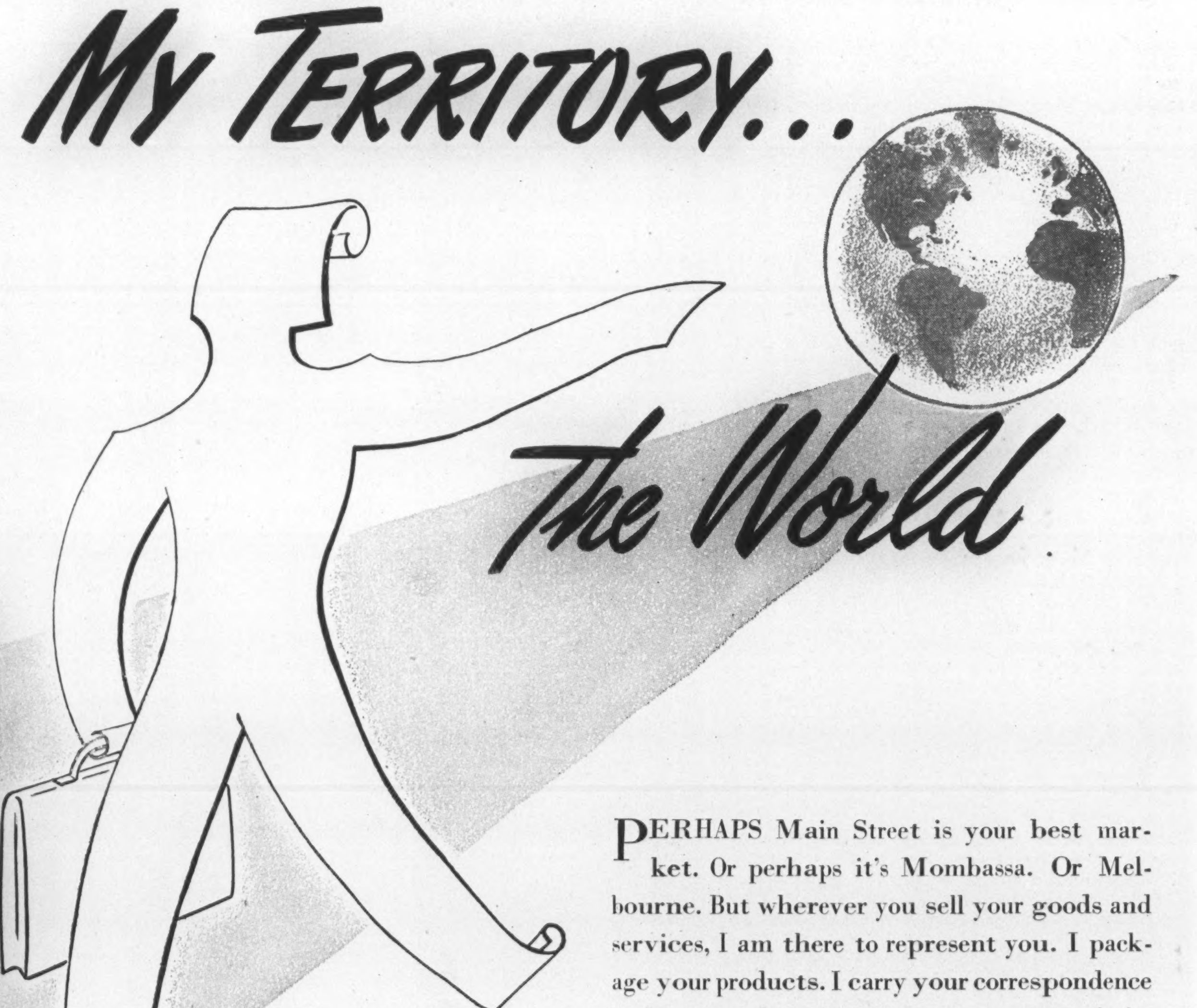

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Vandenberg in Presidential Race Could Upset the Calculations

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

HOW does a dark horse change his color? Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, whose chances for the Republican nomination weren't worth a "plug" nickel before General Eisenhower's exit, is performing that trick of color-changing. And doing very nicely by all accounts.

Well-known in Canada where he has been a frequent speaker, Senator Vandenberg is chairman of the important Senate Foreign Relations Committee and co-sponsor of the Marshall Plan for economic recovery of Europe. He hasn't yet got his hat in the ring, although friends tossed it in for him some time ago. He promptly snatched it out.

He is one of the few top-drawer Republicans who hasn't openly sought the G.O.P. nomination. A year ago he announced that he wasn't a candidate. By a quirk of political trends, he is today rated a good chance of getting the nomination if there is a draw between Taft and Dewey. As a politician he could hardly "do an Eisenhower" and turn down a draft for the office, even if he wished to do so.

Statesmanlike Senator Vandenberg has given mild inklings that he would like to be nominated. He has, in fact, laid down some terms under which he believes that as a drafted Republican candidate he might be elected. These conditions would be: first, that he be a one-term President if elected; and secondly, that he conduct no barnstorming, nation-wide campaign. He believes a one-termer would be less influenced by politics on major decisions and thus do a better job as President. The Michigan Senator has long since proved his stature by his bipartisan conduct of foreign affairs. He is waging a last-ditch fight for the Marshall Plan, with most of the efforts to pare it down coming from his own Republican Party.

Senator Vandenberg has a real reluctance to be chosen for the presidential race. Yet, his home-staters are displaying no hesitation about advancing his interests. Governor Kim Sigler has launched a full-scale, nominate-Vandenberg drive, and his colleague, Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan, is backing it to the hilt.

Before General Eisenhower put himself definitely and finally out of the running for the nomination, commentators brushed off Vandenberg with the remark that he was "too old for the job." Now it comes out that he will be 64 March 22, less than two months older than President Truman whose birthday is May 8. The Senator's health has also been questioned, but he tells friends that he had a thorough examination by specialists in his home city of Grand Rapids, Mich. and was pronounced organically sound, but with a mild heart condition.

This "dark horse" has proved by his able conduct of Marshall Plan hearings that he can carry a load. He was patient and considerate during the wearisome five weeks of hearings. He had worked especially hard during the preceding two years. He has had to use guile bred of a lifetime in politics to steer the Marshall Plan through Congress. His own committee's authorization of an initial $5,300,000,000 for 12 months instead of $6,800,000,000 for 15 months, represented a change in the time-table, but did not take a single dollar from the Plan.

Eventual passage of the Marshall Plan program will be to a great extent attributable to Vandenberg. He is justly proud of his record in the Senate.

Nation Is Groping

The trend toward Vandenberg seems to be motivated to some extent by what was wanted from Eisenhower. The American people seem to be groping for an outstanding person with undisputed qualities of leadership. The times, it is believed, call for someone with more than ordinary political qualifications.

Democrats may be satisfied with Harry Truman as President, but the on-the-fencers and Republicans say they want someone better able to cope with the national and international uncertainties that lie ahead.

Some Republicans stand out as possible captors of the G.O.P. presidential nomination. Writings of political observers have been analyzed over a period of several weeks. Consisting largely of opinions, they give some an idea of relative strength of the men.

Here's how they compare:

FOR VANDENBERG: His statesmanship and ability to guide bipartisan foreign policy in Congress and at international conferences. Long experience in public affairs and with political leaders. Oratorical skill. Vote-getting ability in doubtful Michigan.

AGAINST VANDENBERG: Lack of reputation on domestic as differentiated from foreign affairs during 20 years as Senator. His delay in setting up an organization to get the nomination. Opposition of "isolationist" Republicans.

Dewey's Assets

FOR DEWEY: Administrative ability as Governor of New York. Detachment from Congress, which prevented creation of antagonism of many groups, labor, consumers, etc., over legislation. Vote-winning power in New York which has 47 of the 266 electoral votes needed to elect a president. Publicity of 1944 election when he polled 46 per cent of popular vote against Roosevelt. Good radio voice. Efficient organization. He is 45.

AGAINST DEWEY: Some G.O.P. leaders personally dislike him. Failure to win in 1944. The charge based on 1944 campaign that he revealed himself as a semi-New Dealer. Fear that as a former candidate his appeal to voters would have soured. Belief that Wallace candidacy makes New York State unsafe for a Republican candidate.

FOR TAFT: Leadership demonstrated in Congress on domestic issues. His sincerity, courage and recognized diligence, knowledge and grasp of domestic and foreign problems. Popularity with party for spearheading fight against Administration. Appeal to businessmen. Platform and radio skill of Mrs. Taft.

AGAINST TAFT: Poor radio voice, low photogenic quality, and lack of campaigning personality. Hostility of labor leaders. Opposition of liberal elements in G.O.P., although he now proclaims himself a true "liberal." His pre-war isolationist stand. Blame for killing price controls in 1946.

FOR STASSEN: Political adroitness shown in campaign and friendly contacts made. Popularity of his world government stand. Appeal to veterans because of Navy service. Eloquence, photogenic quality, and candor in seeking nomination opening and debating all issues.

AGAINST STASSEN: Doubt that his 4½ years as Governor of Minnesota is sufficient experience. His youth; he is 40. Opposition of Republican "isolationists" to his world government philosophy. Hostility of Dewey and Taft camps which are expected to carry majority of convention votes.

FOR WARREN: Detachment from issues in Congress which kept him from creating antagonism of groups. Excellent record as Governor of California. Great vote-getting power in that state. Photogenic.

AGAINST WARREN: Doubt that he has sufficient knowledge of national and international problems. Public unfamiliarity with region east of Rockies. Lack of active, nation-wide organization for his nomination.

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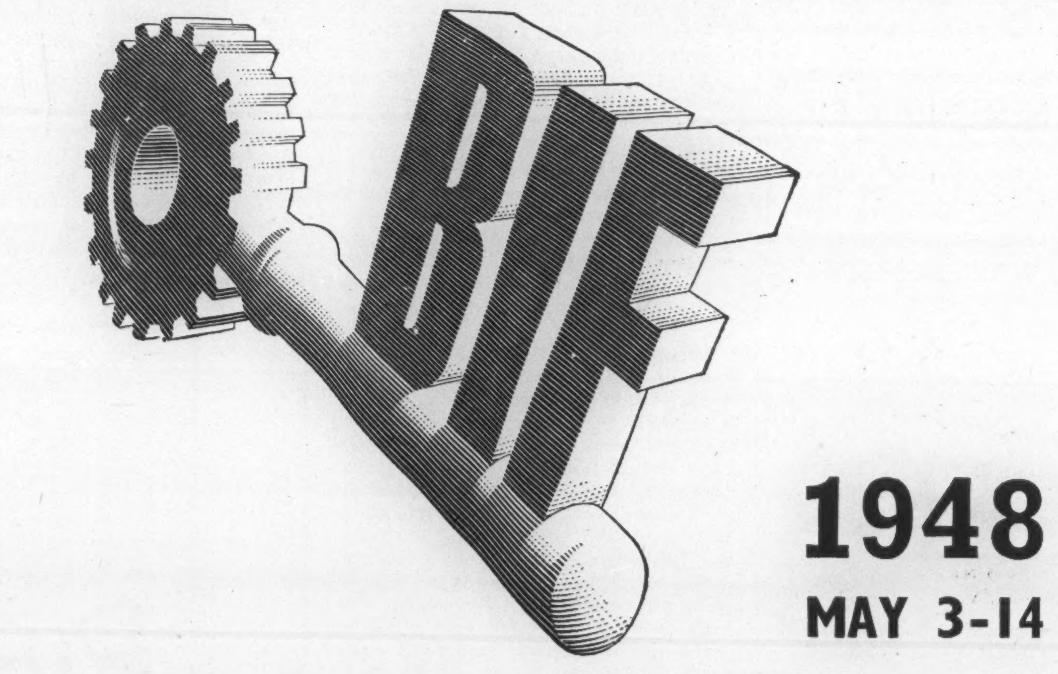

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Kiss of Death

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

FOR some years now our house has been going quietly to pieces. It is quite an old house and the business of shoring it up against advancing time grows more costly and complicated with every year. Workmen busy on adjoining houses are always calling in, with suggestions about caulkings, water conduits, sluices and brick and concrete repairs. When I ask what it will cost they disappear and come back in a little while to say admiringly that they don't build houses that way these days. It always turns out that their estimates are based on our house's splendid past, never on its dilapidated present.

So when a workman dropped in one afternoon and offered to repair the main chimney for $35 I was naturally skeptical. "Come on out and take a look at it yourself," he urged.

He was quite right. The chimney was in remarkably bad shape. It hung there lacily against a windy sky, looking as though it might collapse any moment. I am accustomed to these alarms, however, so I said I would take his telephone number and let him know what we had decided to do about it. I then went in and called a local chimney expert.

The expert didn't need to come over to look at our chimney. He too, had been working on an adjoining rooftop and knew all about it. He was a good deal amused at the idea of repairing it for $35. The whole chimney—an unusually spacious one of the kind they don't build these days—would have to come down and be rebuilt. He asked me reasonably enough how this could be done for $35 with bricklayers making $40 a day.

We held a family conference on the chimney that evening. Our conclusion was that nobody but a bricklayer could possibly be in a financial position to lay a brick chimney. Anyway, with the whole world going rapidly to pieces—the news that day had been particularly discouraging—what did one chimney-pot more or less matter? It was a race, I pointed out, between civilization and our chimney, with the odds rather heavily on the chimney. In the end we decided to bet on the life-expectancy of the chimney.

We had had a piece of luck a year or two before, though we didn't recognize it as luck at the time. The trunk-attic ceiling fell down.

I didn't call in a plasterer on this occasion because I knew in advance what would happen. He would come and look things over and say that they certainly did a wonderful job of ceiling plastering in the old days. He would then announce that all the ceiling work must come down and be replaced and it would turn out that the new job, though admittedly inferior to the old one, would cost three times more than my highest private estimate. So I just swept up the remains of the ceiling and forgot about it.

A WEEK or two ago we received a questionnaire from the City Assessment Department. There was a long list of detailed and intimate questions about our house and our private relation to it, and when I first read it over I was almost as indignant as though I had been asked to contribute to the Kinsey symposium. It wasn't till the final question, however, that the Assessment Department tipped its hand: "Are there any features detrimental to your property which in your opinion affect its value?"

When we came to that point, naturally, we flung reticence aside and went into the whole sordid story. We described the state of the chimney and the trunk-room ceiling. We went into detail about our lurching veranda and the old-fashioned concrete, or rubble, entrance to the garage. We confessed to the two bathrooms but pointed out that baths with claw feet could hardly be described as modern equipment. We went fully into every gap, crack and buckling, incident to eighty years of quiet settling. For the first time we had a sense of clear advantage over property owners who had to confess to separate showers, mastic floors, air-conditioning and radiant heating. Our own inventory of detrimental features must have made it clear to the Assessment Department that the only thing to do with our house was to load it on a scow and tow it out to sea.

I had, I must admit, a sense of treachery to the old house, which had, for us at least, a sentimental value beyond the assessment of any municipal department. After serving three generations faithfully it was now in the position of an old age pensioner who must submit to the indignity of the means test as its best hope of survival.

"Well, anyway we had to tell the truth about it," I consoled myself. And I resolved that if we wrung any concession from the Assessment Department I would make our house a present of a new chimney pot.

I TOLD the whole story a day or two later to my friend Miss A. She gave me a wintry smile.

"I got one of those too," she said. "I filled it in yesterday."

"That ought to be good," I said.

For half a dozen years I had been following the details of Miss A.'s cold war with the landlord. There had been the incident of the defective trap in the toilet, when the landlord had behaved with indescribable coarseness and insensitivity. (Miss A. had been compelled to call in her own plumber.) There had been the abortive palace revolution she had led when he introduced pay-slot washing-machines in the laundry. There had been the ten per cent increase with compulsory two-year lease for what Miss A. described bitterly as a mere hole in the wall. There had been in fact a dozen engagements and Miss A. had almost invariably lost the battle.

"At least it gave you a chance to get back at your landlord," I said.

"I'll show you what I wrote," Miss A. said and went and brought the document.

I began reading it, my astonishment growing with every line.

"You say complete modern plumbing equipment," I said. "What about that defective trap in the bathroom?"

Miss A. shrugged. She had discovered that Mrs. Badgley the cleaning woman had been in the habit of throwing wash-water down the toilet. "And even the most modern equipment is likely to choke up on half a cake of laundry soap every week," she said.

I read on. Miss A.'s hole-in-the-wall had expanded to a commodious three room apartment, the dinette now figuring as a dining-room. "And what's this about special overnight accommodation for guests." I asked.

"Oh, that's the studio couch in the living-room," Miss A. said.

I continued to read. The landlord, a model of his type, had installed a specially equipped modern laundry in the basement. He had also put up three new heated garages in the rear of the building for the accommodation of his tenants. "Last summer," Miss A. went on glowingly, "the front and courtyard were completely resodded, and a base border of geraniums and lobelia provides a gracious and attractive entrance to the main building."

When it came to the crucial question of detrimental features which might affect the value of the property, Miss A. had written emphatically, "None whatever."

I handed the document back to her. "The Kiss of Death," I said solemnly.

Miss A. smiled contentedly. She slipped it into the envelope and firmly sealed it down. "And I only told the exact truth," she said.

Arthur Prevost, Canadian playwright who wrote "Maldonne," one-act play to be produced at Ottawa for the Dominion Drama Festival by the Cercle Gascon of Hawkesbury, Ontario.

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New Indian Treaty Will Give Them Fair Deal

By LEONORA McNEILLY

There are 130,000 to 140,000 Indians in Canada today. Miss McNeilly says that their greatest grievance is inadequate educational facilities. The day school shortage is a sore point and the Indians want a day school in each of their 2,201 reserves. Residential schools are looked on with disfavor as it means separating the child from the parents.

The plan is to educate them in the Canadian way of life but also retain pride in their own. There are many distinguished Indians today and equal opportunity will increase the number. The Joint Committee have pledged themselves to draft a Magna Carta that will assuredly give them a square deal.

WHAT is being done for our First Canadians? The Indians whom Chief Oskenonton, speaking at the Folk Festival in Toronto last June, reminded us were hosts to our ancestors when they first set foot on Canadian soil centuries ago. The Joint Committee of the Senate at Ottawa before whom an appeal for the revision of the Indian Act is being heard, will shortly give us the answer.

In the heterogeneous mass of evidence submitted by Indians, agents and others, an iron curtain of sorts has been lifted and the public has been given a preview of the deplorable conditions rampant in the 2,201 Reserves which serve 130,000 to 140,000 Indians, a population increase of 1½ to 2 per cent yearly.

The numerous grievances stem partly from segregation with its inevitable lack of authentic information, if not actual misinformation and misunderstanding, but mainly from an outmoded Indian Act passed nearly a century ago with no provision made for changing conditions as they arose.

Their claims of injustice, covering Treaty rights, enfranchisement, hospitalization, housing, etc. add up to inadequate educational facilities.

Particularly is this true with regard to the principles of health, cleanliness, the fundamentals of nutrition and the common decencies of civilized life, for which programs have been woefully lacking.

Infant mortality is rated at 132 per 1,000 Indian births as against 49 per 1,000 white births; tuberculosis mortality, 579.2 per 100,000 Indians as against 42.2 white people, a "shocking commentary" on poverty and ignorance, the Committee contended, even allowing for racial susceptibility, overcrowding, malnutrition, shortage of doctors and nurses contributing in no small measure to this distressing toll of life.

Not Enough

Hospitalization, with its three departmental hospitals in Ontario, does not begin to fill the need, one at Squaw Bay (near Port Arthur) providing 26 beds, the Lady Willingdon near Brantford, 30, and the Manitowaning on Manitoulin Island, 20 beds.

Schools, cold to the point of frigidity, snow-covered rubbers under a stove, still snow-covered at recess—provide just cause for complaint. The shortage of the day school is a sore point. There are 76 subsidized Residential Indian Schools in Canada under the supervision of the church, Anglicans supervising 19, Presbyterians 2, United Church, 10, Roman Catholics, 45.

But Indians generally speaking look with disfavor upon these schools, residence necessitating separation of the child from its parents from the age of 6 to 16. But the resident school, a boon to nomadic tribes, is doing a marvellous work, providing not only a Christian background, in addition to its primary objective, but giving sanctuary to children whose home life is unhappy or whose health needs constant watchfulness.

Nevertheless, Indians clamor for a day school for each Reserve, enabling their children to remain under the parental roof, cementing family ties and incidentally benefiting parents through close contact with the school. Attendance at the regular provincial school is denied the Indian, although this privilege is accorded Japanese and Chinese, giving rise to the bogey of racial prejudice.

While a broad plan of education is envisaged, it is not intended to pick John Ojibway out of his wigwam and drop him into a school to learn the three R's. Rather is it intended to educate him in our Canadian way of life, while still retaining pride in his own.

Nor is it the intention to adopt an overall plan of education, resorting to the madness of teaching an Eskimo the principles of agriculture and an Iroquois, walrus tusk carving. Specialized skills for different groups are a recognized essential, training for an academic career one whose aptitude warrants it, and another, farming, trapping, hunting, fur conservation, etc., contributing to their economic status and automatically raising their social standards, better housing conditions eventually giving place to present-day hovels.

Backwardness of the Indian, generally speaking, to adapt himself to our way of life, militates against fusing of the two races. But despite handicaps, many Indians have distinguished themselves.

Eminent Indians

For example, Dr. Oronhyatekha, an Oxford graduate, who organized the Independent Order of Foresters many years ago, opening, by his own initiative, branches in almost every country in the world; our own beloved Pauline Johnson, distinguished in the realm of poetry, and to come down to the present day, Brigadier Oliver Martin (great-nephew of Dr. Oronhyatekha) a top-ranking volunteer in World War I, now Police Magistrate for the County of York; Dr. Elmer Jamieson, head of the Department of Physics and Chemistry in the North Toronto Collegiate; Chief Oskenonton, a singer of note, singing in all the art centres of Europe. Countless others could point to the Indian's successful competition with the white man, given equal opportunities.

But disfranchisement does not make for equal opportunities. And in effect, it is disfranchisement, the Indian feels, because of the objectionable strings attached to the right to vote. The enfranchised ceases by and large to be an Indian, forfeiting his Treaty rights, his right to return to the Reserve and other privileges, whose denial is intolerable to the pride of the red man.

The unfair distribution of treaty monies is another bugaboo. For example, a woman marrying a non-treaty man forfeits her treaty rights, likewise those of her children, also her right to return to the Reserve should she be widowed or deserted.

Racial discrimination too rears its head in the Indians' bitter complaint that although 5,000 Indian volunteers (not conscripts) fought for their King and country in every branch of the service in World War I; and 3,000 in World War II, the proportion holding commissions ranking high, they are still classed as minors, displaced persons, and denied all the rights of Canadian citizenship.

But the appeals for justice have not fallen on deaf ears. The Joint Committee have pledged themselves to draft a Magna Carta for Canadian Indians which will most assuredly give them a square deal.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Statistical Method Applied to Sex Shows New and Surprising Results

By B. K. SANDWELL

"SEXUAL Behavior in the Human Male," which is the title given by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy and Clyde E. Martin to the most widely discussed scientific book since "The Evolution of Species," does not really take in so large a sweep. It is a statistical survey of the sexual behavior of the white male inhabitants of the United States; but the practice of regarding that republic as synonymous with the world is not uncommon, as may be seen from the designation of World Series given to the American baseball finals. Even the Canadian male is not included, although he probably differs so little from his U.S. counterpart as to make the omission unimportant. The book is published in Canada by McAinsh, Toronto ($7.50), and in the United States by W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia.

The sampling method of compilation has attained great repute in the United States, and we are not disposed to question the general accuracy of this survey, based on 5,300 cases, as representing the sexual behavior of 45 million adult American males. It is not particularly surprising, for example, to learn that 70.5 per cent of the total male population has pre-marital intercourse with the opposite sex between the ages of sixteen and twenty. The authors, who are highly conscientious scientists, refrain most properly from any comment on the moral questions involved in this behavior, and the only danger that we can see as arising from the publication of these apparently reliable statistics is that some individuals are apt to conclude that anything that is done by seven-tenths of the population cannot possibly be wrong—a conclusion which reduces morality to a sort of popular plebiscite.

On the other hand it is definitely surprising to find from another statistic that pre-marital petting carried to the point of orgasm (in the male) is practised by over 61 per cent of males of the college-bred class who are still unmarried by the age of thirty; and it is interesting to find the authors, not indeed expressing any moral opinion, but suggesting that the available evidence shows that "pre-marital petting experience contributes definitely to the effectiveness of the sexual relations after marriage." There can be little doubt that this is a new (twentieth-century) behavior pattern; there are of course no comparable statistics for the behavior of the Western male in any previous period, but from such evidence as may be drawn from the literature and art and social history of such periods, as well as from the personal recollections of aged persons now living, it seems impossible that any such condition can have existed in at any rate the recent past. Indeed the complete freedom of association between the sexes, in conditions of privacy, is entirely a development of the last few decades, so far as the educated class is concerned, and it is in this class alone that the new behavior is extensively practised.

Educated Virgins

The thing that has caused most surprise among all the revelations resulting from this study is the extremely wide divergence of sexual habits between social classes which differ on an educational basis. The study is as yet incomplete, because it obviously requires a corresponding set of statistics for the sexual behavior of the human female, on which the authors are working; but it has gone far enough to make it clear that abstinence from complete intercourse—that is, from any form which without contraceptive safeguards might result in pregnancy—has become almost the sole guiding principle of the unmarried among the educated classes in the United States. Almost any other natural form of sexual gratification is widely regarded as permissible and even desirable. The authors conclude that even among males, in the highly educated class, "virginity," in the sense of having abstained from complete intercourse, is the standard aimed at before marriage by the majority.

It is unfortunate that there are no past statistics for purposes of comparison, for moralists oppose this new freedom chiefly on the ground of the danger that such petting may lead to actual complete intercourse before marriage, and it would be extremely valuable to know whether such is actually the case. If it is not the case, and the moralists have no other reason with which to support their objections, it will be difficult to take them seriously.

The lack of interest in petting of the less educated classes is not due to any higher moral standards, because their indulgence in pre-marital intercourse is far higher than that of the highly educated; it appears to be merely due to the fact that they are less responsive to the stimuli involved in petting techniques, and less concerned, or entirely unconcerned, about the preservation of male "virginity." The relative ease with which intercourse can be obtained in the less educated classes, and a less exacting taste as to the conditions involved, are also obvious factors in the situation.

While there are no actual statistical data, it seems clear that most of this petting is between persons who are engaged to be married or at least contemplate such engagement. The authors state that there is very little differentiation in regard to it between persons of different religious faiths, and express their surprise that there has not been "more specific religious objection to petting, and that young people have so uniformly ignored what objections they have heard." On this we may comment that university and upper high school students are the least amenable of all classes to the admonitions of their elders in regard to personal conduct, and that the lack of specific objection by the churches is probably due to the novelty of the practice.

Change Under Way

The conclusion would seem to be that there is a marked change taking place by degrees in the sexual behavior of the American male, and that it is taking place first, as one would naturally expect, in the more highly educated classes. That it will spread downwards, though perhaps slowly, is to be expected. The popular arts—cheap fiction and the cinema—are a powerful means of dissemination for such changes. Economic improvement in the condition of the "working" classes is lessening the difference between their living conditions and those of the more fortunate; and living conditions have a great deal to do with sexual habits.

Petting is only one of a number of causes of orgasm discussed in this very important volume, and we have selected it for discussion only because it seems to involve a new behavior trend. The book is a purely statistical study. Since statistics must necessarily deal with some identifiable thing or event, every example of which must be, for the statistician's purpose, identical with every other, the authors have chosen the orgasm as their identifiable event, and have confined themselves to the number of times it has happened in each individual and from each of a number of carefully defined causes. One of the results is to show that a great deal of what is ordinarily regarded as abnormal behavior is extremely common. The Western world is in the process of re-examining its ideas on sexual behavior with a view to modifying its legal codes concerning it, and this volume will be of the first importance in this process. But it needs to be remembered that its scope is rigidly limited. It tells us nothing, for example, of the emotional changes resulting from sex relationships, which obviously cannot be reduced to statistics. It tells us nothing of the varying intensity of the sex drive in different individuals in different circumstances, except in so far as it can be measured by frequency of orgasm — which is not very far. Rather surprisingly (because it is not statistically impossible), it tells us nothing about the extent of contraceptive practices.

The research, which has been conducted with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, is providing material for several other volumes which have yet to appear. The most important and apparently the earliest of these will be the comparable volume on the female.

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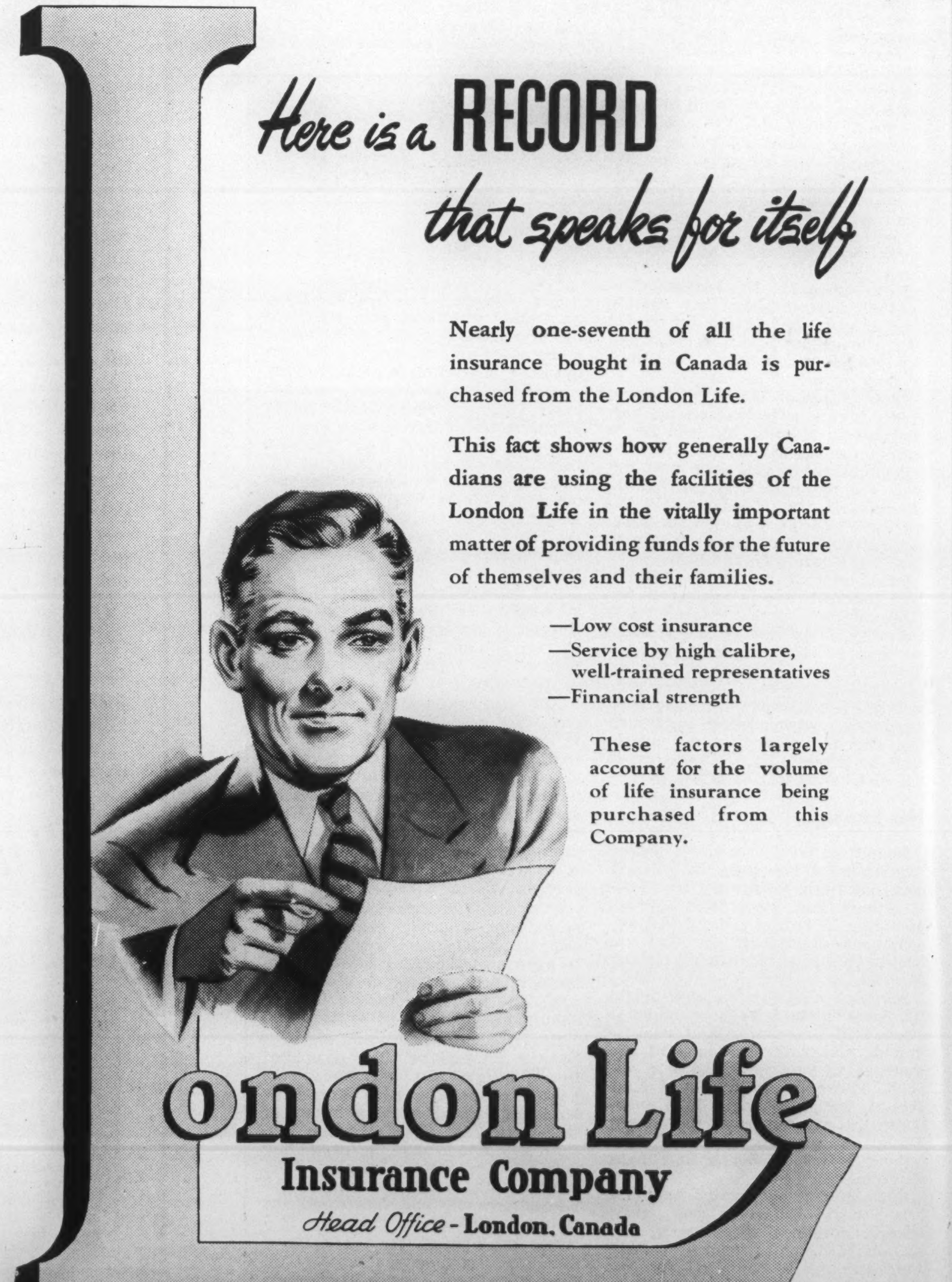

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Can Benes Save Czechs from Iron Curtain?

By ALEC HARRISON

Eduard Benes, president of Czechoslovakia, is famous throughout the Continent as its ablest negotiator. Today his people are counting on him to save them from the threat of an Iron Curtain.

During the four years at the University of Paris he worked with Masaryk in the Czech nationalist movement and helped create a new state.

His country today is the battleground in the struggle between two great ideologies — democracy as envisaged by the Western nations and democracy as interpreted by Moscow. The world waits anxiously for the outcome.

Prague.

WILL the Iron Curtain drop to divide Czechoslovakia from Western Europe? Whether you bump into an acquaintance when walking along that magnificent thoroughfare Vaclavske Namesti in Prague or have a glass of wine in a *hostinec* in a remote Slovakian village on the banks of the Danube, you will find this to be the leading topic of conversation everywhere. For a clue to the answer, everyone, whether Communist sympathizer or not, is looking with an almost pathetic eagerness to President Eduard Benes.

Everyone in Czechoslovakia knows his history, and indeed he has become a legendary figure in his own lifetime. His knowledge of the intricacies of European politics, combined with his abnormal patience, is unique. Long before the war he was acknowledged by Britain's Foreign Office as the ablest negotiator on the Continent.

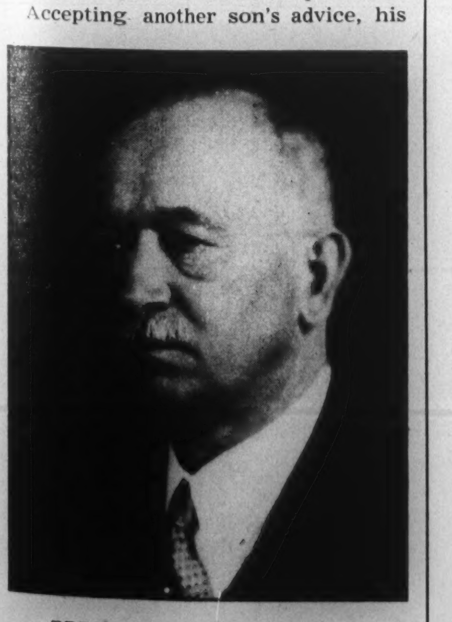
In appearance he is not at first sight impressive. He is of less than medium height and his one-time chubby face is careworn. You notice his thin, grey hair and mildly wonder what can be the secret of his strength and influence. He has a habit of taking off his spectacles and delicately fingering them with both hands as he addresses a visitor. His shrewd, grey eyes with a hint of humor endow him with the gift of putting people at ease immediately.

Sports and Learning

Czechoslovakians have a profound respect for peasants who make good either in sport or in learning. Eduard Benes has done both. As the son of a peasant of the old type, strict and preoccupied with the struggle to earn the daily bread for a family of ten, young Benes was brought up in an atmosphere of hard work.

His home was at Kozlany, where he was born in May, 1884, in the heart of Bohemia. When he was 10 years old he startled his father by writing an ode to John Huss, a Czech leader who had appealed to him as a symbol of keenness and Czech aspirations.

Accepting another son's advice, his father, although money was short, sent him to Prague. There a capacity for making ironic remarks in class did not help him towards popularity either with his fellow pupils or his teachers, but his skill as a footballer attracted the attention of several clubs. But for the fact that he broke his leg when playing for Slavia, the leading side of those days, he might have devoted his life to that game.



PRESIDENT EDUARD BENES

The accident changed his whole career. There is a Czechoslovakian saying that to know another language is to become another man. Young Benes surprised himself and his tutors by such a proficiency in French that he secured the equivalent of a scholarship which took him to the Sorbonne. During the ensuing four years he acquired Russian, German, Italian and English, married a fellow student whom he met in Paris, and, largely through the good offices of Masaryk, a former tutor of his, secured a professorship at Prague University.

In the meantime he had become passionately keen to see his own country become independent. This ambition was fanned by his hatred of the Germans and their claim to be a master race; by the open contempt of his Russian acquaintances for Czech culture and by his disappointment with London, where he stayed for several months in 1906. He saw Britain as a nation "in the grip of Capitalism and alcoholism", but about the same time he rejected the Marxist doctrine.

By 1912 he had succumbed to the gracious and profound influence of Masaryk, and together during the first world war they negotiated with the Allies for recognition of an independent Czech-Slovak State. Behind his success as a negotiator for the State which he helped to create was the knowledge that the present lands which constitute Czechoslovakia have for centuries been coveted by powerful neighbors.

Today it is the battleground in the struggle of two great ideologies.

• •

HOME-THOUGHTS

OH, to be in England
Now that Attlee's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Knows his larder will be bare;
Oh, rare is the beef, and the bacon's brief,
And the retail price of tobacco leaf
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THE WORLD TODAY

Palestine Partition Is Crumbling Under Washington Indecision

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

WITH THE May 15 deadline for the laying down by the British of the Palestine mandate approaching inexorably, and with the present violence in that country expected to increase sharply after that date, the United Nations still has done nothing about the creation of an international force to carry out the partition plan. This, despite the fact that it was evident to many during the discussions last fall that the plan and the force were twins, and could not be separated.

The U. N.'s unhappy five-man Palestine Commission now urges the Security Council to provide an international force, finding it doubtful that the partition plan can be carried out without one. The Security Council is to begin discussion of that this week, while the Trusteeship Council begins to work out a U.N. statute for the Jerusalem enclave. But it is reported from Lake Success that the other members, and especially the small nation members, are waiting with growing impatience for a clear American lead.

The best reports available show, instead, growing confusion and hesitation in American policy towards Palestine. Partition may still remain the official policy, as James Reston writes in the New York *Times,* and the U.S. government may feel a moral obligation to try to implement it. Yet as this exceptionally well-informed correspondent describes the current attitude in the White House, the State Department and the Department of Defence, these authorities now admit that the partition plan was put through the Assembly on premises which have not been fulfilled, and further that it was no more than a *recommendation* which the Arab members have a legal right to reject.

The unfulfilled premises were (1) that a decision backed by the United States, Russia and two-thirds of the U.N. membership would have sufficient prestige to win the acceptance of the Arab states; (2) that the Arabs were bluffing when they declared they would oppose partition by force; (3) that the British were exaggerating when they said they would give up the mandate and pull out of Palestine entirely this summer; and (4) that even if all these assumptions were proven wrong, the Jewish Haganah militia would be strong enough to deal with the generally-underrated Arab forces.

Now that all of these have been exploded the U.S. government is faced with making new decisions, and is considering the following alternatives. It could relax the embargo on arms export and sell arms to the Haganah. But while this would help the Zionists defend themselves, there is little confidence that it would be sufficient to put the partition plan through, while it would be certain to infuriate the Arabs to intensify the attack on Palestine Jewry and perhaps on American oil properties as well.

The Alternatives

As another alternative, according to Reston, Washington is considering letting the Security Council take up the matter as a threat to the peace and make a decision which would be legally binding on all U.N. members. But only six of the present members of the Security Council voted in favor of partition last November, and it requires seven votes to achieve a Council decision. It is believed that partition sentiment has declined steadily, with the difficulties becoming more evident, and that without strong American leadership there is very little chance of securing the seven needed votes.

The third alternative, Reston reports, is to try to get the smaller U.N. members to supply a force to implement partition, if seven members of the Security Council will support such a plan. And finally, there is the suggestion that the full Palestine Commission (i.e., all members of the U.N.) should study the minority report, which recommended a unitary federal state of Palestine.

But the smaller members show little inclination to enforce a plan put through primarily by the two biggest powers. Just to bring the point home, is Canada, a supporter of partition and a member of the Security Council, prepared to send, say a brigade of troops to Palestine? How long would it take to sound public opinion on this, put the question through parliament, organize the force and place it in action?

It is clear that, even if enough smaller U.N. members would undertake this task, there would be such a delay that it would be necessary for the British to agree to stay on longer in Palestine. Though the British have begun to leave already, have pulled some troops out and disbanded the Transjordan Frontier. Police, they might possibly respond to such an appeal if the U.N. gave proof of decisive action.

Dorothy Thompson is excited and extremely gloomy about still another alternative. That is that, with events already in train, with not only the British forces but the Palestine government being withdrawn, things will reach such a pass by mid-summer that either American troops or Soviet, or both, will be sent to try to control the spreading disorder and save the Jewish community.

If the United States sends troops, she says, they will become involved in a war with the Arab world. If it doesn't the Soviets will proclaim themselves the "defenders of the U.N." and offer troops, which would establish the Soviet Union in control of this strategic crossroads of the world. If both send troops, she thinks it will be a miracle if they don't end up by fighting each other.

Actually, I don't see any more reason why American and Soviet forces should fight each other in Palestine, than in Germany or Korea, where they are camped alongside each other at present. But Miss Thompson does highlight the question which is coming to dominate Washington thinking on Palestine: that is, that it simply cannot be considered apart from the world rivalry and conflict between American and Soviet policy.

Vital Strategic Area

An article by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, among the best political commentators of the day, in the *Saturday Evening Post* last December 20, gives the proper strategic perspective for the Palestine question. It is called "If Russia Grabs Europe," and claims to represent responsible American military thinking on world strategy at the present time.

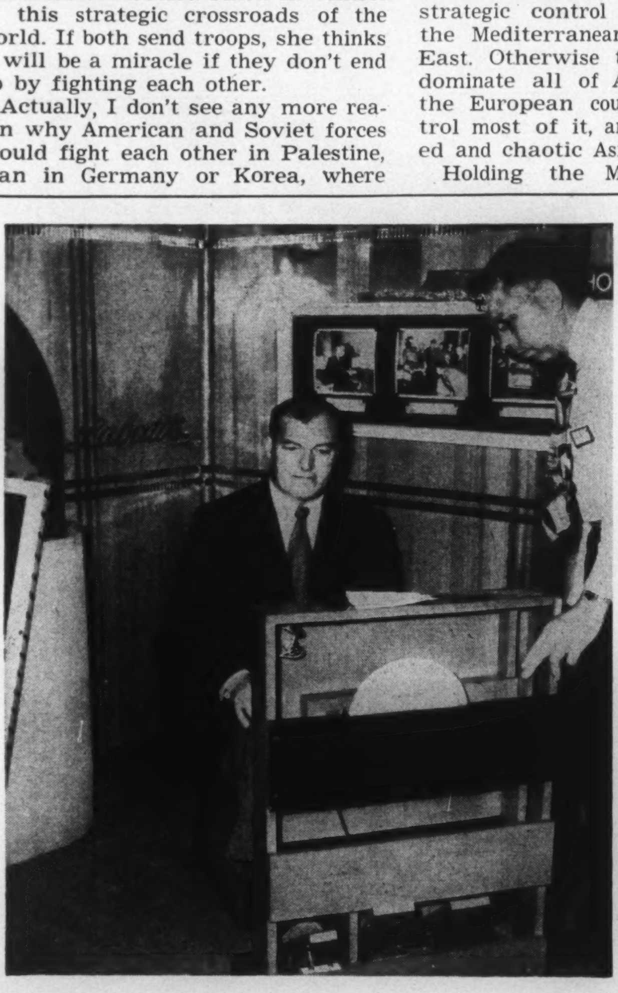
Whether to support what remains of free Europe and keep open the possibility of prying loose again the areas taken over by Russia since the end of the war, or to counter-balance the might of a Soviet Union which had taken over France and Italy and with them the bulk of the European continent, this thinking insists that the United States must maintain strategic control of North Africa, the Mediterranean and the Middle East. Otherwise the Soviets would dominate all of Africa, along with the European countries which control most of it, and probably divided and chaotic Asia as well.

Holding the Mediterranean, the United States could, in this interim period of world strategy before the perfection of inter-continental planes and atomic rockets, maintain a steady pressure all along the southern flank of Europe and deep into the Middle East. It could secure the Middle Eastern oil which it may vitally need in the near future, and at the same time deprive the Soviet war machine of this additional supply. And it would be in a position to deliver that effective retaliatory blow which is counted on, in the last analysis, to deter the Soviets from launching a sudden air attack.

From the purely strategic point of view, therefore, the Mediterranean is the most important area in the world at the present time to the Americans. Apparently the Soviets look at it the same way, for American strategy is only answering the coordinated efforts of the Soviet Union during the past three years, to gain control of the Dardanelles, of Greece and Crete, of Yugoslavia and Trieste, of Tripoli, and now of Italy and France.

The presence of American sea-air power in the Mediterranean is of incalculable value in restraining these far-spread Soviet efforts at expansion, filling as it does the power vacuum left by the complete collapse of Germany and Italy, and the drastic shrinkage in French and British power.

If it were not there, we would face a much more menacing situa-



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tion today. But to fulfil its purpose, of stabilizing the postwar military situation, and to fulfil the second and positive purpose of American policy, the reconstruction of free Europe, quiet and order are needed in the rear area, the Middle East.

Washington's Dilemma

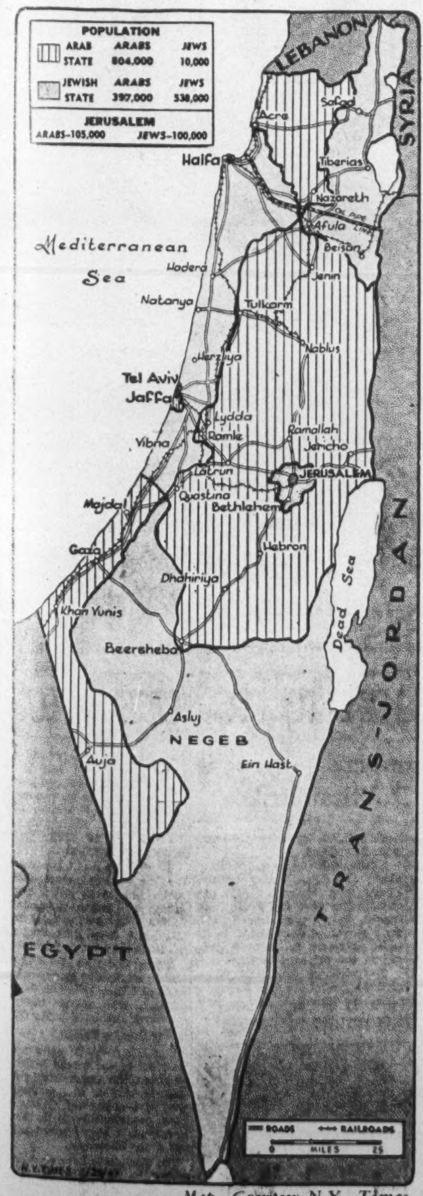
This is needed to maintain a strong front against the present Soviet challenge to take over Greece, and the challenges which by all indications are coming shortly in Italy and Iran. And it is needed from the purely economic point of view, to keep open the supply of Middle Eastern oil for the Marshall Plan. With the current shortage of oil in the United States there would be little possibility of adequately fuelling the Marshall Plan without Middle Eastern supplies, now menaced by Arab hostility.

This is the background for the grave hesitations in Washington; for the keen anxiety not to be drawn into the position of sending American troops to fight Arabs, or on the other hand, of introducing Soviet troops into this critical area, inevitably to set up an occupation zone and centre of Communist activity there; for the tentative efforts to make American policy on Palestine bi-partisan and thus free it from the compulsions of rival vote-seeking in New York State.

But it is much easier to see the difficulties and contradictions of American policy (Washington isn't flaying the British any more for making incompatible promises to both Zionists and Arabs) than to see just what practical way out of the present dreadful impasse in Palestine can be found at this late date.

Inaction would abandon the Zionist community to the aroused fury of the surrounding Arab world, and condemn it to surrender on Arab terms. And it would be a heavy blow to the prestige and authority of the United Nations, reminiscent of the Ethiopian fiasco.

But action—what action? To send arms to Haganah would merely ensure a bigger conflagration, and would antagonize the Arab world almost as much as sending American troops. There wouldn't be much sense in embarking on this line without the intention of seeing it through to success. So the Americans would do better to send their troops along at the beginning, which would at least hold the possibility of intimidating the Arabs into giving up the fight, even if it lost their friendship and their oil supplies.



Map, Courtesy N.Y. Times

The Partition Patchwork

Another possibility is the sending of a U.N. force, or an American force, just to replace the British and "hold the ring," postponing a definite settlement until a later date. But this too would be recognition of a U.N. defeat. If the U.N. had to send its own forces, it probably would prefer to use them to carry through some solution now rather than sit there indefinitely. If American troops were sent, merely to fill the role of the British, they would be drawn into conflict with both Jewish and Arab extremists, and soon incur the ill-will of both sides, as the British have done.

Any way you look at it, it comes down to a question of force — some force, but whose force? For beyond the whole question of the moral and historical claims of the Jews and Arabs of Palestine, there remains the fact that the single stabilizing force is being withdrawn from a highly critical area of the world at a moment of general unrest and uncertainty and at a time when both the Zionist community and the Arab world have been gripped by extreme nationalist fervor, and are not amenable to a reasonable compromise such as the British have tried for years to arrange.

The withdrawal of the British, unable to bear alone any longer a burden and an expense before which the whole U.N. shudders, is opening up opportunities for irresponsible leadership to call on mass passions. Some new force is going to be drawn in, either a patched-up small-nation U.N. force, a Soviet-American U.N. force, a Soviet force, or an American force.

Since it is hard to believe that the Americans will allow the Soviets into the combustible Middle East, with no more way of getting them out than in Korea, Austria or Germany, it seems that, face to face with the alternatives and the need for action, they will support the sending of a small-nation U.N. force, with themselves paying much of the cost, and with partition abandoned, and the federal solution of the minority report brought up for discussion.

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MARITIMES LETTER

Billy Butlin Is Answer to N.S.'s Prayer in Cornwallis Deal

By ERNEST BUCKLER

Bridgetown, N.S.

THE spectacle of 12 million dollars' worth of empty buildings wasting in the weather since H.M.C.S. Cornwallis' 11,000 wartime sailors cleared out of Deep Brook, N.S., has caused more tch-tching among frugal Haligonians than you hear among local temperance societies over the upsurge of brewery stocks. (Maybe if the temperance societies would settle for moderation instead of abstinence, their stock would go up too — although I know it's sticking one's bottleneck way out to say so.)

That's why they're hoping most heartily that Britain's Billy Butlin will not be permanently skewered on the shark's fin of currency-export which showed itself after his arrangements for purchase of Cornwallis had been finalized. So that the proposed $1,500,000 transformation of this multi-facilitied city-in-itself into a vacation centre, the likes of which the Maritimes have never seen, can begin at once. They were counting on this outlay to take a timely tuck in the local labor surplus; and in future, to provide something which the Maritimes woefully lack—a place where, for a moderate sesame, persons of limited income can manage the sort of revivifying holiday hitherto only vicariously possible in illustrated folders. Mr. Butlin even promises round-the-clock baby sitters!

Purchase price, believed to be half a million, is quite a mark down from cost, but certainly a better offer than time and the elements could muster; and carrying the added recommendation that in the event of another war (the best way to deflect an emergency is to look it in the eye), Cornwallis would be in condition to resume its original role, immediately. Piecemeal demolition, the alternative, could never tot up that much black ink. Not if disposition of the enormous skating rink can be taken as a sample.

It was dismantled, sold for a song, and in the tradition of that curious cross-country musical chair which naval men and material seem liable to, the artificial ice plant shipped to the West Coast! (You know, I always feel a little shamefaced after a remark like that about the management of Canadian affairs, even if the remark is not meant to have enough acid content to turn blue litmus red. There are so darn many countries where the privilege of shooting off your face is bought at the price of having your face shot off.)

Million Dollar Talk

Million dollar talk is flying around N.B. and P.E.I. too. It is literally "electrifying the country." With the N.B. Electric Power Commission expropriating, for general needs, the generating and distributing systems of the N.B. Power Company (whose price tag has seven figures); and the P.E.I. government being advised to acquire *all* existing power plants there, and serve the whole province by central distribution . . . at an estimated cost of eight million.

Everyone seems agreed that these are good things. If expropriation settlements are not arrived at amicably, there is that democratic blessing, the fair court of appeal. And electric power is a kind of power governments seem to handle well, and without intrusion. It doesn't matter much to a guy who lights his kitchen; it's control over the fuse of personal whim and inclination that wilts him. Just the same, it's a thing to watch. The extension of controls can be so subtle that you wind up with an end product which at no point along the line seems to come out of the treacherously bland ingredients. To a man who doesn't know for himself what complete government control can be, the argument for it is as fool-proof, but as tricking nevertheless, as the representation would be to a man without physics, that because a bird flies better in thin air it could fly best of all in a vacuum.

Controversy

The blessing of N.B.'s new dragger fleet at its Caraquet launching has not been echoed unanimously by the fishermen. In fact, controversy on the subject becomes as tangled sometimes as a perch line in a bank of alders. The idea that draggers ruin the business for small operators is one that dies hard.

Chief charge against the draggers is that they kill young fish as well as old and are therefore a serious factor in the depletion of fishing banks, which depletion seems to progress with the irrestrainable abandon of a geometric progression, once it has begun. Actual performance shows, however, that draggers operate in waters beyond the reach of handline fishermen (so that the question of infringement does not arise), in waters smaller boats would find inoperable, for far longer seasons, with double result both in the amount and quality of fish.

They operate economically (livers alone pay the cost), and merely get their share of a catch that some foreign dragger would get anyway. This evidence seems to be convincing even their bitterest enemies that the way to woo fish is to sweep them off their fins, not to shoot them a line, individually.

The launching from Grand Manaan of the first dragger to fish in the Bay of Fundy is being watched with special interest. To see if it verifies the negative, but stubbornly-held, thesis that if cod were there they'd have been fished long ago. And because it may open up a million dollar industry in rosefish, once untouchable but now of gourmet caste; as well as instigate a bonanza of scallop-scooping in waters the small-boat Digby fleet, which goes down to the sea with rakes and has the wind and rain and meteorological reports about as accurate as the premonitions of a neighbor's gout almost constantly in its hair, dares not venture near.

A Reply

To the argument that draggers will ruin the lobster fishery if they're ever allowed that close inshore, the reply is that draggers normally avoid the rocky bottom which lobsters tenant. And to those who complain that if scallop shells are shucked at sea they'll have to *buy* their ashtrays, the retort is, no progress is without its minor sacrifice.

It is interesting to note that, with all the talk of cod, only in N.S. does it head the income list—with $13,500,000, and lobsters ($400,000) second. In P.E.I. this order is reversed, with lobsters ($1,500,000) first, and cod ($400,000) second. In N.B., lobsters ($5,000,000) are again first, and (who'd ever guess it?) sardines ($3,000,000) second. Other small fry are also beginning to place, even shrimps being sought out in a big way.

To quote a few statistics, with a minimum of attendant whimsy: N.B. (with a 5,000,000 lb. annual catch) and P.E.I. (1,000,000 lb.) hope to use their virtual monopoly of smelt fishing on the Atlantic coast to lever up the ridiculously low price of this delicacy. N.S. has refined the taste of cod liver oil (child contradiction notwithstanding) so that what previously went for tanning is now a medicinal product, with annual value of $500,000. And the famous oyster bed at Malpeque Bay, P.E.I., whose occupants became poorly in 1915 and all

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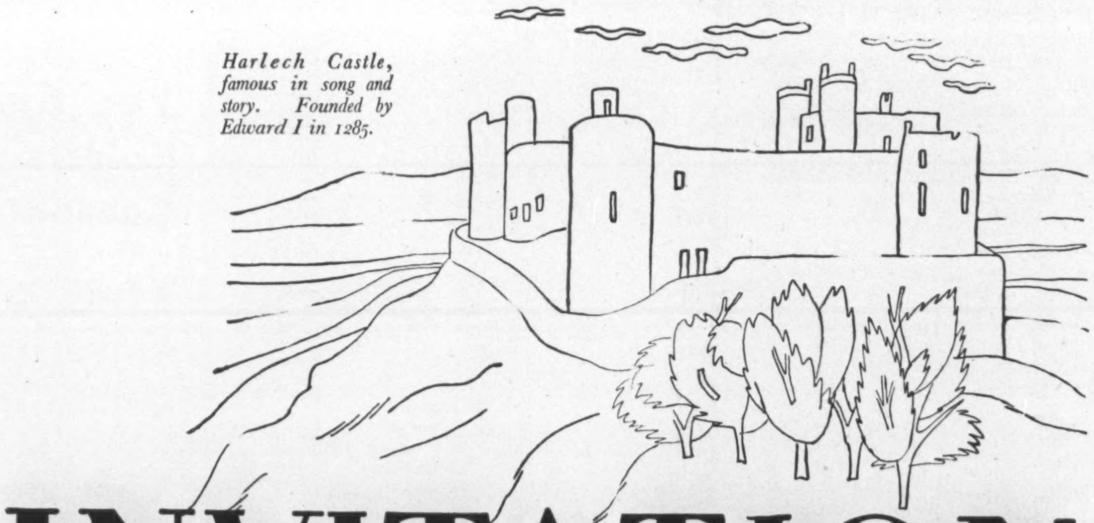

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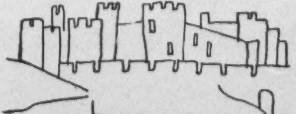

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but disappeared before 1922, has been revived, chiefly through the experimentation of Dr. A. W. Needler.

Heaven knows how he discovered their secret, or their identity for breeding purposes, but by use of the fact that survivors of the original epidemic could pass on immunity even unto the third and fourth generation, the bed has now been "farmed" back to a 7,000 bbl. output. By the way, Dr. Needler established once and for all that oysters are not poisonous in R-less months. They're just lean and listless from love.

There's no place we can send a delegation to protest our unexampled bad weather, but when we get a body blow in the port section, we can always say, "Mind what you told us at Confederation?" "You liked well enough to use us in wartime. Why not use us well in peacetime?", and march on Ottawa. The Halifax and Saint John representation, hot under the white collar and the dark collar alike over equalization of C.N.R. freight rates to Portland, Me., and the consequent rerouting of cargo there, do not seem to have ruffled more than a few feathers. But they're not discouraged.

Victory on Points

The fight for port preference (one-fifth of all people in Halifax and Saint John are dependent upon waterfront operations) is one the Maritimes have had continuous training in, and they figure they may yet achieve victory on points. Mr. Gregg was buttonholed on a recent visit to Saint John (he's the Minister of Veterans' Affairs, but if this isn't a "veteran affair", what is?) and bombarded with the point that, more even than freight rate preference, harbor equipment to expedite the handling of ships was most urgently needed. He promised to have his colleagues look into it. What puzzles New Brunswickers is why a problem needs such protracted looking into, when it seems perfectly transparent to even a glance.

The federal government has also promised yet another squint at the 3,500 ft. Strait of Canso which separates Cape Breton from the mainland—after local protest following Mr. Chevrier's announcement that the bridge or causeway project promised by Mr. Howe had been discarded in favor of the ferry alternative. Maybe the gale of protest was especially violent because Mr. Chevrier's announcement came at the very moment when ferries were in particular disaffection, their service being suspended completely or possible only at the turn of the tide because of drift ice. Or maybe, like their friends in N.B., Cape Bretoners feel that if they just keep blowing hard enough they can turn an adverse tide or two, themselves.

Celebration

The fireworks which touched off Halifax's bicentenary celebration so prematurely still continue to sputter, with talk of litigation over unrewarded services of the huffed and the assessment of certain published verse for possible slander. However, the danger that the event itself might be still-born seems over, now that Mr. Leonard Fraser has been appointed obstetrician (more sympathetic than a previous one who tangled in the case) in definite charge of its delivery. People are still wondering whether or not new buildings might be a better investment than whoopla; but, in any case, if the public gets as much kick out of the main attraction as it's getting out of the preliminaries, everyone should be happy.

Summerside's 99-year-old Mrs. Vaniah Milligan has come out with a rather off-trail recipe for the longevity of herself and her 89-year old husband—hard work, and good liquor.

An old hat (yes, an old felt hat) which started its journey in railway mail cars no one knows how or where, and carries postmarks from all over the continent and autographs of mail clerks from Salt Lake City to Kentville, N.S., has now been despatched to Central and Western Canada. Good night, it might as well be Spring!

LONDON LETTER

Everyone Seems to Agree About Decision to Nationalize Gas

By P. O'D.

London.

WEARY and suspicious as the public is becoming of the government's efforts to nationalize everything it can, with all the turmoil and controversy involved, there are some forms of nationalization which command pretty general agreement. Of these the present plan to nationalize the gas industry is one.

Few people are likely to oppose the plan beyond those whose personal interests are adversely affected. Something of the kind is long overdue, whether in the form of nationalization or of large amalgamations of the smaller companies; and of the two methods it is obviously easier and quicker to nationalize.

All over the country there are hundreds of small gas companies, which scrape along as best they can with inadequate and old-fashioned equipment. They haven't the capital to modernize their plant. The gas they supply is very often bad and expensive. The only reason they manage to keep going at all is because there is a public need that must be met.

Years ago a committee appointed by the Coalition government recommended that the country should, for the reorganization of the industry, be divided into ten areas, in each of which the various gas companies should be amalgamated. In this way it was hoped that the efficiency and service of the smaller and more backward companies would be raised to the admittedly high standards of the bigger and better-run companies, and thus some general level of costs attained.

What the government is now proposing to do is very much what this committee recommended. The country is to be divided into 12 areas instead of 10—not that this difference seems of much importance—and each area will be run by its own Area Board. The chairmen of these Boards will form a central Gas Council, which will advise the Minister of Fuel and Power and be responsible for the general coordination of the industry. But of course the final responsibility will rest with the government and parliament. At the same time, the Area Boards are to be allowed a considerable degree of authority and freedom.

Naturally a good many complications can be expected to arise when it comes to working out this general plan for so big and widespread an industry, where local conditions vary so greatly. But most people seem agreed that the plan is a sensible one, and that something of the kind had to be done.

The real proof however will be in the burning, in the quantity and quality of gas that the public get, and in the cost of it. As to this last item of cost there is not much ground for optimism. Whatever benefits nationalization may bring to an industry, reduction of costs is seldom one of them. The tendency is all the other way.

Neglected Graves

Earnest persons have recently been writing to the papers about the neglect of old churchyards, and especially about the neglected condition of the graves of writers eminent in their day—Charles Kingsley and Charlotte Yonge among them. Demands are made that better care should be taken. But it is nice question just how well-kept a country churchyard should be.

Most of them no doubt should be better kept than they are, but it is easily possible to be too tidy in the presence of the vast carelessness of death, which, in the words of Raleigh, has "drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *"Hic Jacet'*."

Much of the beauty of English country churchyards lies in their air of quiet naturalness, the feeling they give that the dead who lie there under the green turf, with the ancient grave-stones leaning at all sorts of queer angles, sleep their long sleep undisturbed by the fussy attentions of officious custodians. But there is no real need to stress this point. With the present shortage of funds and labor there is little likelihood of country churchyards receiving too much care.

Borrowers and Lenders

During the war many thousands of volumes were borrowed from the 400 or more public libraries of London, and never returned—possibly through the fault of the borrower, but possibly for reasons beyond his control. Now the libraries are making a special effort to get some of them back. At each of the libraries a large box stands in the entrance, discreetly to one side, with a slot in the lid into which missing volumes may be dropped, and no questions asked. Door-keepers look tactfully away.

The results are said to be so far rather disappointing. Not nearly so many volumes have been returned as was hoped would be the case, and of those returned comparatively few had ever belonged to the particular library. Some had never been in any public library, and are to be regarded as voluntary gifts. Others belong to libraries all over the country. Most of the missing books are still missing, lost or destroyed, or lurking on private shelves where they have no right to be.

Probably it was too much to expect that any great number of the books would be returned. Even reasonably honest people seem to suffer from strange lapses of conscience in the matter of borrowed books. More than once have I taken down a volume from a friend's bookcase and found a library mark in it, or someone else's name. And more than once has a friend made a similar discovery among mine. Who among us can throw the first book?

No More Hats?

Possibly a good many people have the impression—derived no doubt from old pictures—that in the House of Commons members sit about with their hats on, and that, if bareheaded, they put a hat on to address the Speaker. Once upon a time it was indeed the custom for a member to wear his hat in the Chamber—partly because there was no handy place else to put it, except at the risk of having it sat on. But in these hatless times a good many members don't wear hats at all; and of those who do nearly all leave them in the cloak-room.

Though hats are now so few and far between in the House, the old rule still holds that a member wishing to raise a point of order during a division must put on his hat (or whatever hat he can borrow) to address the Speaker. The explanation is given that this is to mark him out from the others, most of whom are presumably on their feet.

It does indeed distinguish him nowadays, but it is hard to see how it could have done so in the days when practically everyone wore a hat. But there is no good arguing about the rules of Parliament.

Recently, as the result of a rather acid interchange between the Speaker and a member over this very point, the suggestion was made that it was about time the old rule was abolished. The House will miss the fun of seeing members stand up in hastily borrowed hats that are too big or too small or hilariously out of character, but there is not much sense in insisting on hats when there are hardly any. The member might as well be asked to put on a plumed helmet. He is about as likely to have one with him.

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CONDUCTED BY HERBERT McMANUS

Nothing Like a Small Town Life For Spice and Gay Adventure

LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH—by Elliot Paul—*Random House*—*$4.50.*

AN impressive number of Canadians, including perhaps a majority of those now in the larger centres of population, have enjoyed the advantages of a small town "bringing up". Witness, not only the vast exodus from cities on the festive and holiday occasions, but the fact that urban snobbishness has not eliminated a sentimental pride in such a semi-rural background. Birth in Toronto or Montreal, for all its seeming rarity, is seldom a matter for boasting.

Now, and perhaps chiefly for those capable of enthusiastic backward-looking, comes Elliot Paul to hymn with all stops out, the life of the small town as it was. His own boyhood background was that of a New England community but its people and atmosphere could be duplicated in many parts of Canada. Moreover, Paul's Linden is in part a synthesis of all small-towns for, despite specific and personal reporting, it is difficult to believe that quite so many exciting things happened in one place. But the amplitude which the author has allowed himself only provides additional charm for his story.

Elliot Paul is one of the most gifted raconteurs of this era. He has the ability to range from delicate sentiment to hilarious bawdiness without once losing his literary stride. Readers of "The Last Time I Saw Paris" will know something of what to expect from "Linden" for the people of Elliot Paul's acquaintanceship lead very full lives indeed. Always a hearty and enjoyable paganism matches the circumscribed conformity of any community in which he lives and which he finds pleasant. Those who are inclined to think that the life of their own particular small town was all sweetness and light should perhaps think a bit harder and recall some of the more robust characters. Even the most respectable male citizen remembers that a large, fresh snowbank provides irresistible temptation to do something more than jump in it. That is what the first chapter of "Linden" is about.

Uncle Reuben Says

There is a curious fascination in the combination of a matured and mellow style with a zestful exploration of life, chiefly in its happier aspects. It does not matter that the Linden of the book is not the Linden which actually presented itself to the eyes of the young Elliot Paul; this backward glance penetrates the scene through the vision of a world-traveled sophisticate yet at the same time manages to preserve a fresh authenticity of feeling and period. Purists may well forget the divagations which the author has allowed himself, for the sake of a visit to the entrancing community which he pictures. Some unforgettable characters emerge as the action clicks neatly—almost too neatly—into the structure of the book. Similarly, some of the original phrases of Linden people, more especially Uncle Reuben, will enrich the spoken, if not written, language.

But Elliot Paul is too competent a craftsman to permit any unbalance or overemphasis in his work. The whole atmosphere created is one which can only be achieved by a master story-teller and the humor which illuminates it is a rich treasure-trove for the reader. Canadian readers of "Linden" will inevitably be reminded of the late Hector Charlesworth, whose delightful style and unfailingly comprehensive memory made him a master of sparkling reminiscences; many of these are preserved in book form as his "Candid Chronicles". But in "Linden", Elliot Paul is somewhat more candid.

The current volume will not rank as highly in literary production as "The Last Time I saw Paris"; but after all, Linden on the Saugus Branch is not Paris on the Seine.

FOR THE RECORD

Enquiry Concerning Political Justice by William Godwin edited by F. E. L. Priestley (University of Toronto Press—Saunders, 3 volumes, $12.50). The first two volumes consist of a photographic facsimile of the third (1798) edition of Godwin's classic; the type is clear and readable and pleasantly archaic. In the third volume Professor Priestley supplies the variant readings of the first and second editions and a very useful hundred-page introduction to the whole.

The Novel and the World's Dilemma, by Edwin Berry Burgum. (Oxford, $4.00). This scholarly analysis of the more important popular writers of the twenties and thirties is an attempt to correlate the social factors which acted as the mainsprings of inspiration. Mr. Burgum, who is Associate Professor of English at New York University, is firmly of the conviction that existing conditions at the time of writing caused a positive reaction on the part of the writer, either of despair or of hope that man could emerge from the chaos which he had created. The novel form, he believes, has replaced poetry as the means of transmission of significant thought. "But the new form can hardly be said to have yet revealed its potentialities. Its continued use and development will depend upon the nature of social change. In proportion as decadence continues to characterize society, the preponderance of difficult novels with their involved introspective techniques is likely to continue. But as society recovers from decadence, we shall have its record in the development of new forms . . . and the restoration to our fiction of men and women made resolute by a plausible trust in their common destiny." The book is somewhat academic and not particularly easy to read but most of the significant writers are covered and there is continuity in the method of treatment. It will add to both knowledge and appreciation.

The Questing of Spirit, an anthology of religion in the literature of our time selected and edited by Halford E. Luccock and Frances Brentano. (Longmans, Green, $6.00). Several hundred selections are taken from the poetry, prose and plays of all sorts of the better known authors including Oscar Wilde, Thornton Wilder, John Gunther, John Masefield, T. S. Eliot, Hilaire Belloc, and Albert Einstein. An interesting compilation.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

THE SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF

The British Mortgage and Trust Corporation of Ontario

STRATFORD

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1947

ASSETS

CAPITAL ACCOUNT:			
Office premises			$ 47,136.70
Real Estate for sale			31,028.00
Mortgages—			
Principal		$ 82,441.56	
Interest due		18.05	
			82,459.61
Government Bonds: Principal			81,477.23
Canadian Municipal Bonds: Principal			29,325.44
Stocks			1,577,258.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank			258,360.29
Advances to Estates			1,636.06
TOTAL CAPITAL ASSETS			$ 2,108,681.33
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT:			
Mortgages and Agreements for Sale:			
Principal	$3,303,129.57		
Interest Due	464.61		
		$3,303,594.18	
Dominion Government Bonds: Principal		4,885,890.38	
Provincial Government Bonds: Principal		862,288.65	
Canadian Municipal Bonds: Principal		49,147.80	
Cash on Hand and in Bank		89,760.19	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST ASSETS			$ 9,190,681.20
ESTATES DEPARTMENT:			
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds			$ 765,084.81
			$12,064,447.34

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL ACCOUNT:			
Capital Stock Fully Paid Up			$ 1,000,000.00
General Reserve Fund			900,000.00
Reserve for Taxes			68,191.30
Profit and Loss Credit Balance			89,837.55
Dividends Payable 2nd January, 1948			50,000.00
All Other Liabilities			652.48
TOTAL CAPITAL LIABILITIES			$ 2,108,681.33
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT:			
Guaranteed Investment Receipts—			
Principal		$4,161,185.12	
Interest Due and Accrued		37,837.96	
			$ 4,199,023.08
Trust Deposits—Principal and Interest			$ 4,991,658.12
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST LIABILITIES			$ 9,190,681.20
ESTATES DEPARTMENT:			
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds			$ 765,084.81
			$12,064,447.34

NOTE: Bonds and Stocks are carried at book value, which is less than market value.

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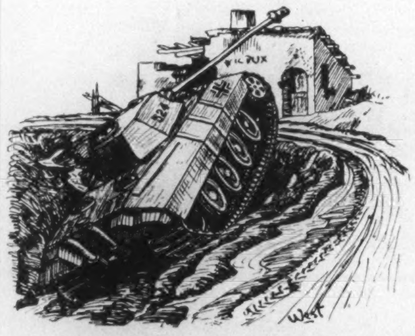
THE BOOKSHELF

A Second War Regimental History Of More Than Limited Interest

STRATHCONAS, '39-'45—By Lieut.-Col. J. M. McAvity, D.S.O., M.B.E.—Brigdens, Ltd., Toronto—$4.50.

THIS volume sets a new high in Canadian regimental histories for both German wars. Not only is there evidence of enthusiasm which normally accompanies such projects; there is in addition, good writing, good taste in presentation, and an over-all plan which makes the book interesting to the general reader as well as a matter of vital record to the individuals directly concerned. Such a task is far from an easy one and congratulations are therefore due to Jim McAvity, and those who helped him, for the drive, initiative and imagination which has led to the production of the work; it is one which any Canadian fighting unit might be proud to possess.

While the story told is primarily that of the second war, the Strathconas are an old Canadian regiment and their exploits in the campaigns which preceded 1939 are aptly summarized to round out the record. Like many units which did not have the good fortune to be mobilized with the first two divisions of the Canadian Army, their experiences in the early period in Canada were not entirely happy. But eventually things were sorted out and the Strathconas found themselves an armored regiment of the Fifth Division. Their training period in England, therefore, was briefer than the long years of those who had gone overseas before, but fortune smiled when the division was selected to follow the First Division out to the Mediterranean theatre. In November, 1943, the regiment embarked and thereafter, from Naples to Groningen, the Strathconas had their fill of fighting, and waiting and traveling and everything else which goes with war.



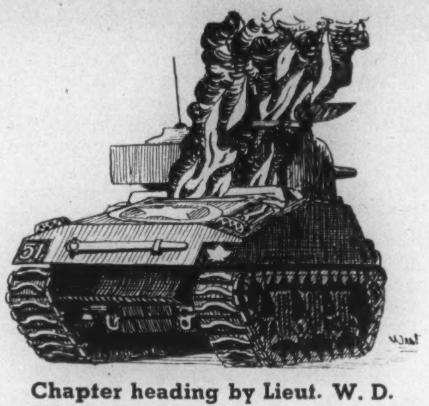
"Strathconas" Chapter Heading.

Battle Reporting

It is a fortunate feature of the book that not only are the moves and engagements described with careful military appreciation of value to the student of such things, but the daily grind and minor problems of all ranks are brought vividly to life. Yet for all its interesting attention to detail, of especial interest to participants, the sweep of the narrative is never lost and, at times, the writing reaches a very high level of understanding, sympathy and detailed and vivid description. A few accounts of individual engagements stand out as battle reporting of the first order.

It is commonplace to dismiss any regimental history with the thought that its circle of interest is of necessity extremely limited. This is not true of the story of the Strathconas; it is true that it will have the devoted following of those directly concerned and their friends and relatives and it will also interest all participants in the Italian campaign. But, more than this, it can be read with pleasure by any Canadian who is in any way concerned with an accurate and swift-moving narrative of the achievements of the Canadian Army Overseas.

The volume is an excellent piece of book-making. The colorful jacket, chapter headings and end-paper maps are the work of an officer of the regiment, Lieut. W. D. West of New Westminster, B.C. and other sketches were contributed by Sgt.-Major Dick Cunniffe. The binding is in the regimental colors and the many duotone maps interspersed throughout the text are not only attractive in themselves but accurate and of assistance in following the narrative. Appendices include not only the roll of honor but a complete nominal roll, with dates, of all personnel who served with the regiment in the Second War. Chief credit for the book, of course, is due to Lieut.-Col. McAvity who has proved himself as efficient and able a historian as he was Commanding Officer for a large portion of the Regiment's overseas service. Net proceeds of the book will go to the Regimental Association.



Chapter heading by Lieut. W. D. West for "Strathconas, '39-'45."

Intellectuals

By THADDEUS KAY

THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY—by Lionel Trilling—*Macmillans*—*$3.25*.

THIS is a beautifully written book, perceptive, overly intense. It is probably a pretty good book. It may even be a very good book. To find out, you'd have to read it again some time long after your first reading.

What Mr. Trilling is getting at, it turns out at long last, is the Meaning of Life, or The Truth, or whatever you want to call it; some philosophy by which men can live with each other and the world. This is a good thing to be getting at, but Mr. Trilling starts very slowly on his search. For a good two-thirds of the book his characters, ever so politically conscious, work themselves up into incredible stews over some of the most unimportant issues encountered in recent literature.

All this is pretty hard to believe, even of pre-war intellectuals. Maybe not. The world is still full of softish brains, as witness the followers of Mr. Henry Wallace.

In the book, eventually, a little girl is quite senselessly killed, and this hard fact suddenly pulls characters and the story down to earth, and the author settles back and says some important things.

The first part is an incredibly detailed delving into the minds and motives of Laskell, who has recently had a serious illness during which he enjoyed a mental love affair with a rose; the Crooms, a young couple who take politics more seriously than you'd think probable, or possible; Duck Caldwell, a village loafer inexplicably glorified as a sort of Man of the Future; his wife Edith, who once has the common sense to get down to brass tacks and Laskell, and a lot of others.

The story's glaring drawback is the author's failure adequately to set the *time*, historically, of which he is talking, so that the issues over which his characters fret will have at least some validity today.

In any day, though, men have got to have something to live by. When Mr. Trilling finally gets around to considering this, he has interesting things to say. He doesn't arrive at a conclusion, but he gives some sound pointers.

"a curious and exciting book"—THE NEW YORKER

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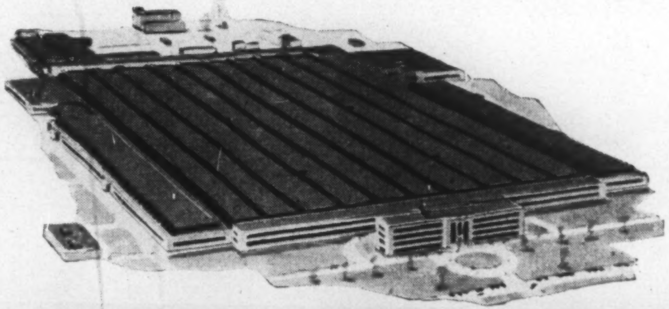

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SPORTING LIFE

Let's Give These Olympics Back To People Who Run and Jump

By KIMBALL McILROY

AS THIS is written, no one has yet died as a result of enemy action at the Olympic Winter Games in Switzerland, but there have been a number of lesser casualties, notably: (1) a Swiss policeman struck by a bullet fired allegedly by accident during the military pentathlon, (2) several Swedish and Canadian hockey players in a somewhat bruised condition following the last period of their first meeting on the ice, (3) the Idea that amateur athletic bodies exist to promote amateur sport for the benefit of the participants, (4) International Goodwill.

The policeman is lucky in one way: he knows what hit him. Sport is still trying to figure out.

There are no detailed records at hand concerning the first and original Olympic games, back in the days when Pheidippides came first in the marathon, but the thoughtful student of sporting *mores* can arrive at some pretty certain conclusions. If arrangements were in the hands of the competitors themselves, the games were in all probability conducted in an atmosphere of sweetness and light. If, however, matters had passed from the hands of the athletes into those of Executives Who Love Sport For Its Own Sake (Plus Free Trips To Olympia And A Little Graft On The Side), then there was probably more bickering and unpleasantness than you could shake a discus at.

The friendly little *contretemps* above-mentioned, which occurred in the final period of the Canadians' opening hockey game, would in all probability have occasioned no comment at all had it occurred at, say, Ravina Rink. A little flare-up on the ice, forgotten afterwards. Of no significance. The same with the affair of the Swiss policeman. It was an accident, and worthy of comment simply because European policemen, unlike their North American brothers, are not accustomed to being shot at.

The curious circumstance of the loosened nuts and bolts on two of the two-man bobsleds of the American team is perhaps another matter, although a team official passed it off on the curious grounds that such sabotage was an everyday and expected occurrence among bobsledders and nothing to occasion surprise. Perhaps bobsledding isn't much more dangerous with loosened bolts than with tight ones. Perhaps bobsled bolts can become loose in a number of accidental ways. Perhaps bobsledders are people of imagination. Certainly if the prospective travellers on the afflicted vehicles are not worried, nobody else but their next-of-kin has any right to be.

IT IS NOT from the contestants that sport and international amity are taking such a beating about the head and shoulders. It's from those old stand-bys, the executives of the various organizations which have eased themselves into the jobs of picking the teams and conducting them to the games. Some of these gentlemen may be ex-athletes, though many of them are obviously better acquainted with the gavel than the javelin (except for the purpose of spearing rival executives).

This particular year, it was hockey which provided material for the quadrennial rumpus, but not Canadian hockey. The fireworks which it looked for a while as if Canada was going to set off sort of fizzled out amicably. The "amateur" team first suggested as the likeliest representatives from the Dominion got all tangled up in questions of wages and salary, a business which would undoubtedly have given rise to embarrassment and mortification when it came to signing the Olympic oath. Moreover, it was doubtful if the players could afford the financial loss of the trip, payment of amateur hockey-players being generally not much higher than that of the lowerbracket professionals.

So an all-R. C. A. F. squad was picked. This seemed like a fine idea until the new Olympic representatives were knocked off in their first two or three practice games against run-of-the-mill Canadian competition. The selectors were evidently still thinking of the wartime service teams, which had been pretty good, the players in many cases having learned that joining these teams was an excellent way of avoiding the possibility of having to go and fight in the war.

However, the last-minute addition of players with excellent hockey capabilities, though dubious air force affiliations (when this department knew one of them in London a couple of years ago he was wearing a naval uniform. Possibly a spy) brought the team to fair strength and it sailed for Europe with at least the public approbation of all concerned, though some die-hards kept insisting that no hockey player in the entire Dominion of Canada with the exception of those in the universities was warranted in signing any amateur oath at all without first taking the precaution of equipping himself with a first-class lightning-rod.

WHEN Canada dropped the ball of internecine squabbling, the States was right behind to pick it up, and then carried it through broken fields right up to and including the time of the games. To understand what the argument is all about, you've got to be either a crooked lawyer or an athletic executive.

To the average person, the business of sending a hockey team to the Olympic games would appear to be merely a matter of selecting the twelve best amateur hockey players you've got in the country, fitting them out with skates and sticks, and putting them on a boat. And this would be true if it weren't for the fact that every active participant must be accompanied by at least two executives, to take care of the more important business of fighting and arguing in offices while the participant looks after the secondary detail of taking part in the games.

In the States, one group of sport-and-youth-minded altruists collected itself a team, set them to practising, and despatched emissaries to see the Cunard people. Just like that. Then along came a rival group, aghast. They too were interested in the development of good, clean sport. They too had travel-minded executives. They too had a hockey team, or could certainly dig one up somewhere in time to meet that formality.

The trouble went on with such extraordinary results as the first announcement that hockey games have no official Olympic standing. That's the sort of thing that is fascinating about sport when it gets into the hands of the desk-top technicians: hockey teams representing nine countries get together at the Olympic games and play a tournament under Olympic rules, under the impression that the winning aggregation will be Olympic champions. But Oh my no! A number of athletic politicians sitting in executive session decide that it's not so at all. No, sir. Not by any means. This team or that team isn't sponsored by the right parties.

Nuts.

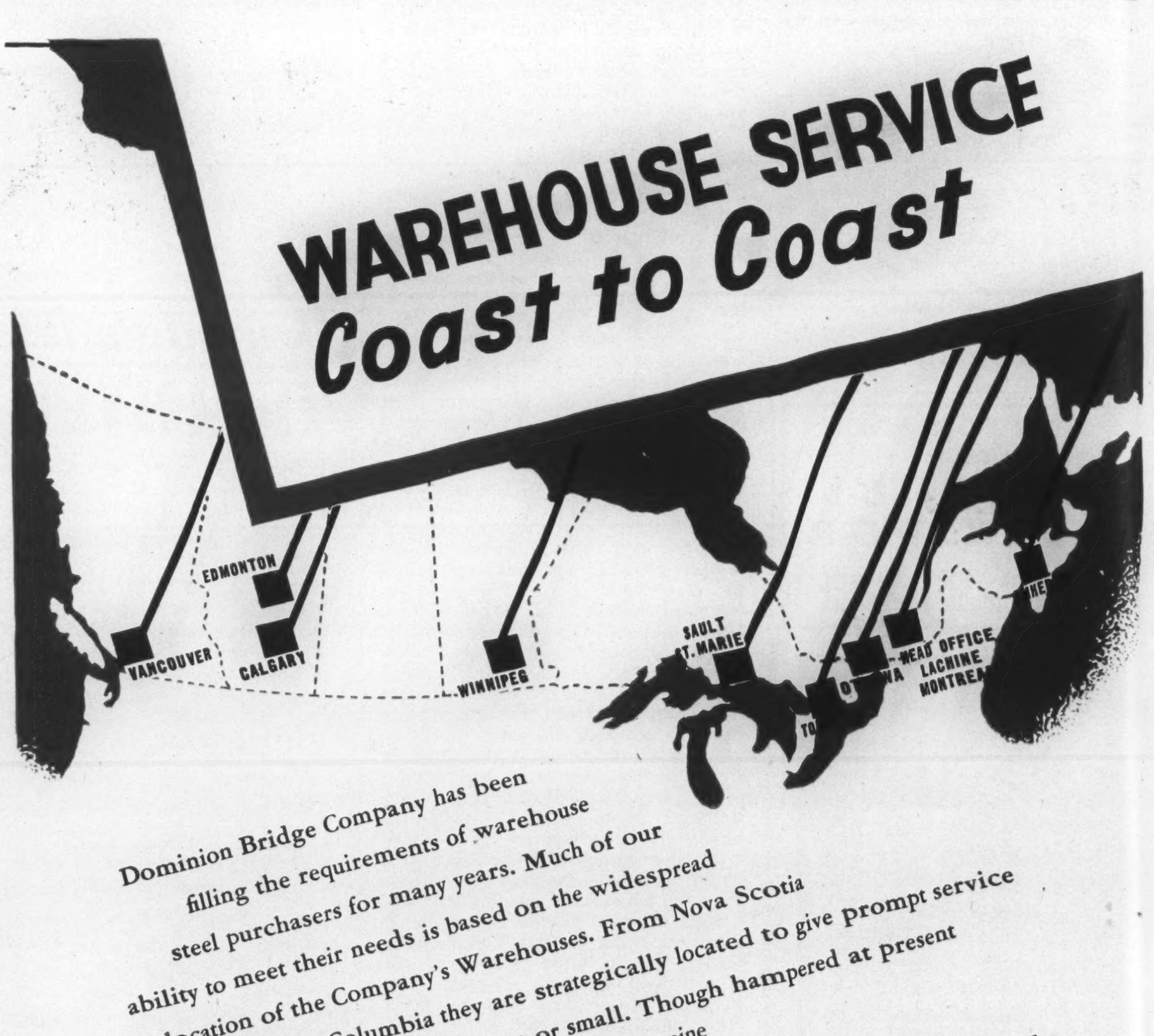
PEOPLE visiting any American town which happens to be run by a crooked political gang are always asking their hosts one question: How did you come to let it get like this when all the time you've had a vote and could have thrown the bahstahds out whenever you wanted? The same thing with labor unions which happen to fall into the hands of Communists or other foreign agents: Your officials are supposed to be elected by vote of the membership, so how about it?

Very few athletic executives are crooked, in the sense that they try waving the wand over the petty cash, if any. Some are actually sincere in giving their time and energy to the disinterested promotion of whatever sporting activities they are supposed to be directing. The majority, however, judged by their actions, are concerned mainly with perpetuating their executive offices, and themselves in them. The petty bickering and name-calling on which they thrive would do justice to the Tea and Crumpet Council of Miss Duff's School for Young Ladies.

The obvious answer, of course, would be to let the athletes select their own officials. If they did that, a lot of high-priced help would take harder pratfalls than a ski jumper who's omitted to bring his skis. The difficulty lies in the fact that membership in any amateur athletic organization is necessarily transient, and rarely organizationally-minded. The boys are more interested in balls and bats than ballot-boxes. Furthermore, the goings-on in the average executive meeting might well make them so sick at the stomach that they would be unfit for competition.

Perhaps there's no answer, but there should be. A lot of people are going around saying that the Olympic games should be called off once and for all, on account of because they always seem to lead to international unpleasantness which stops just short of war. It would be a shame if a competition, historically designed to bring out the best in young people who are broad across the shoulders and biceps, should have to be cancelled because instead it brings out the worst in old people who are fat between the ears and across the buttocks.

Britain Still Loves Flying Boats. Howard Hughes should possibly look to his laurels since a bit of the curtain has been lifted on what has been called the five-million-pound enigma of British aviation. The program includes three craft and features divulged include a passenger capacity of 100, crew of 14, cruising speed of 350 m.p.h., and weight of 140 tons.



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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Young Delinquents Blame Downfall on Gangster-Type Literature

By P. W. LUCE

Vancouver.

MORAL reformers who have been expecting great things from the reopening of the Borstal Home for youthful delinquents are more than a bit chagrined at the bad relapse of 14 promising candidates for reformation. The lads, aged from 15 to 20, were members of the "star" group at Oakalla prison, and were in line for transfer to the Borstal institution within a few days. They had considerable liberty, occupied unlocked cells, had access to workshop supplies, were lightly guarded, and were on their honor not to abuse these privileges.

Just in case they might happen to change their minds, they had secreted files and ropes in their beds. Along came a peasoup fog. The window bars were sawn, and one by one the 14 crawled through, dropped into the yard, and scaled the outside fence to disappear in the thick Burnaby bush. It was the biggest prison break in the history of Canada.

The boys were serving from six months to two years. Their crimes ranged from petty thieving to gun-toting, with automobile theft frequently a second charge. All were wearing prison uniform, and the first business was to get rid of these.

A clothing store was broken into and a hurried choice made of the suits on the rack. Some tell-tale uniforms were discarded in a hurry, but not all the escapees made the change on the spot. They had probably figured that time was of the essence.

Every policeman on the lower mainland was advised of the break a few hours later, but fog and darkness severely handicapped the authorities. The fugitives broke into small groups, some heading for Vancouver, others for the open country.

Nearly all of them stole one or more automobiles, burglarized stores, used hold-up tactics, or broke into houses for food and shelter. Three of them, including the "master mind", had the effrontery to sneak into the Vancouver police garage and make off with a radio car. They were recaptured a week later 90 miles east of Portland, Ore., in a second stolen automobile, the police car having been ditched near Bellingham. They had travelled nearly [illegible]00 miles, having gone east quite some distance before crashing the international border. All three were armed, and prepared to shoot it out. They didn't have the chance. They are back in Oakalla, with an additional three years to serve.

Gramophone Clue

One by one the others were rounded up until all 14 were back behind the bars. The last pair had holed up in a summer cabin on the north shore of Burrard Inlet, and were caught because one of them insisted on playing the gramophone. A desperate attempt was made by one youth to crash a police road block in a stolen car. He went into the ditch, almost killing two hitchhikers who had thumbed a ride, and who had a hard time convincing the authorities that they were innocent bystanders.

A number of Oakalla guards were suspended pending a thorough investigation, and additional men have been put on duty. The institution is admittedly understaffed for the 697 prisoners it contains, 58 of them women.

None of the escapees are likely to be sent to the more pleasant surroundings of the Borstal Home, or to return to the freedom of the "star" group. Several of them blame their downfall on gangster-type literature.

Bearing this in mind, the B.C. Government is seriously considering banning this kind of reading matter and it may also ban the sale of toy guns that look too much like the real thing and are often just as effective in a stick-up.

•

As happens every year, there has been a steady stream of easterners coming into British Columbia this winter. Most of them are from the prairies, but several hundred came from Ontario and Quebec. There have been very few from the Maritimes. The total is around 1,000 a month.

National Employment Service officials estimate that about 50 easterners apply for jobs in Victoria every week, and three or four times that many in Vancouver and New Westminster. Many of them are not in any immediate need of money, but want something to occupy their time. The percentage of outsiders registering for employment are 56 per cent in New Westminster, 67 per cent in Victoria, and 70 per cent in Vancouver.

A survey has shown there is more unemployment than for several years past, and prospects are there will be no improvement until spring, and perhaps not then.

Loggers, who traditionally come into town to blow in their summer stake around Christmas, are sticking to their jobs in much larger numbers than formerly. Because of the high wages that now have to be paid, employers are chary of hiring more men than they can use to advantage immediately, and some of the lesser skilled workers, like chokermen, flunkies, and whistle punks, have had to hunt 10 or 15 days for a job.

•

One lone delegate to the B.C. Federation of Agriculture convention raised his voice against a resolution opposing the introduction, manufacture, or sale of margarine, which was condemned as a menace to the dairy industry and a threat to the living standards on the farm. Said Eric S. Flowerdew, of Langley Prairie:

"What can we offer old-age pensioners, low income groups, returned veterans, and the large number of persons who cannot afford to buy butter at present prices? . . . Organized marketing has enabled Great Britain, New Zealand, and the United States butter producers to meet such competition." There was no satisfactory answer to his argument. The resolution was adopted with enthusiasm.

How a better range-element makes new jobs for Canadians

The original Calrod element consisted of a resistance wire embedded in magnesium oxide, and the whole encased in an iron tube.

In an effort to get faster cooking and longer life, tests were conducted with numerous other metals. These tests showed that tubing of Inconel, an alloy containing 79% Nickel, outlasted all other metals as sheathing for heating elements.

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Since 1929 when the Calrod element was introduced, hundreds of tons of Canadian Nickel have been used in producing fast, long-lasting elements for electric ranges and other appliances.

This new market for Canadian Nickel was brought about as a result of scientific research. It has created employment for many men in the Canadian Nickel industry.

The expansion of the electrical industry because of better heating elements, has given employment to additional hundreds of Canadians. Thus does research develop better products, create more employment.

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FILM PARADE

The Screen Adorns a Fine Tale While Pointing a Few Morals

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THANKS to the talented Hustons "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" is not only a fine stirring adventure story but a better film all round than, conceivably, it has any right to be. Its central thesis — that gold is the test of human behavior—is undeniably sound; but it needs fresh and vigorous treatment to make it something more than a sturdy commonplace. Fortunately both the Hustons — John Huston as director and father Walter Huston as star —have the special qualities of imagination, trenchancy and humor that are needed to enliven the allegory. The result of their combined efforts is the best picture of recent months.

The story has to do with three Americans living from park-bench to flophouse in Tampico in the 1920's. When their luck takes a turn they head for the mountains in search of gold, led by the oldest of the trio (Walter Huston), an oldtime prospector whose philosophy—that gold is the corrupter of character—has never dampened his enthusiasm for nosing it out at every possible opportunity.

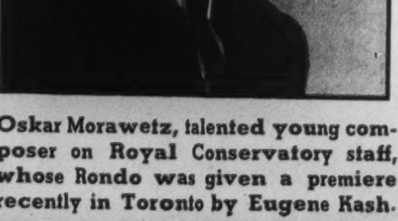
They find their gold eventually in the Sierra Madre Mountain; and when they do, Old Howard's windy aphorisms begin to take on sharp and fearful meaning. The toughest and most cynical of the three (Humphrey Bogart) is naturally the one who stages the most spectacular moral collapse. His younger companion (Tim Holt) comes through with a gunshot wound and his principles relatively intact. Old Howard (Walter Huston) fairly rollicks through the worst that man, nature, the wilderness and a Mexican sandstorm have to offer. Before the picture is over their treasure is scattered to the four winds of Mexico.

Sharp Understanding

Fortunately the rather didactic premise of the story is enlivened by shrewdness, suspense and a sharp understanding of how ordinary men behave under extraordinary circumstances. It is chiefly Walter Huston, however, who makes "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" the fine absorbing film that it is. Mr. Huston apparently is incapable of a bad performance since he never fails in his respect towards his acting craft, even when it is impossible for him to respect his material. In a film that allows him free play for his sense of character and his natural liveliness of spirit he is superb. In less skilful hands Old Howard might conceivably have turned into a garrulous bore. But Walter Huston invests him not only with wisdom but with a spryness and variety that are always directed at the revelation of character, never at the mere exploitation of a role. "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" is a fine picture on many counts, but it is the Huston performance that you are likely to remember longest.

Aldous Huxley is a pretty serious moralist even when engaged in writing detective fiction. Hence "A Woman's Vengeance," adapted for the screen by Huxley himself from his short story, "The Giaconda Smile," concerns itself with motivation rather than with mystery. However, Mr. Huxley isn't above distributing suspicion in the usual methodical ways—on the vindictive nurse (Mildred Natwick) who stands to benefit by a handsome diamond brooch if the victim is disposed of: on the husband (Charles Boyer) who has a wide assortment of reasons, including his plans for Miss Ann Blyth, for wishing his rich disagreeable invalid wife out of the way; on the gentle spinster neighbor (Jessica Tandy) who drops over to console both wife and husband on their unfortunate marriage and whose Giaconda smile when directed at Mr. Boyer is a dead giveaway for any alert audience. Once the unfortunate lady is put out of the way, however, there is very little mystery about who slipped her the lethal dose of weed-killer, and it is just a question of getting her to acknowledge her guilt before the death-trap is sprung under her second victim. A shrewd family doctor (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) drops in to keep the death watch with the culprit and in a scene of considerable suspense contrives to wrest a confession from her by playing alternately on her self-interest and her nerves.

There is a great deal of ingenious contrivance about all this. As in most mystery-stories, it is the author rather than legitimate circumstance that rigs the innocent victim within an inch of his life. However, Mr. Huxley's fable if not on a higher level, structurally, than most mystery plays is certainly on a higher tone, with its brooding moral analysis and its easy cultural references to modern art and Modligiani. And Jessica Tandy's performance as the neurotic spinster is immeasurably superior in fire and feeling to anything you are likely to find in less literate whodunits.



Oskar Morawetz, talented young composer on Royal Conservatory staff, whose Rondo was given a premiere recently in Toronto by Eugene Kash.

SWIFT REVIEW

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA. Screen version of Eugene O'Neill's tragedy of murder and incest, condensed in form but rigidly faithful in spirit to the original. With a fine performance by Rosalind Russell.

THE LOST MOMENT. Henry James' fine short novel "The Aspern Papers" ruthlessly manipulated into a routine screen romance. With Robert Cummings, Susan Hayward.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE. A technicolor musical devoted to the Irish balladry that flourished in the early 1900's. With Dennis Morgan, Althea King.

GOOD NEWS. A remake of the popular Broadway hit of the Twenties. Bright-colored and agreeably scatter-brained. With June Allyson, Peter Lawford.

TAWNY PIPIT. A gentle and diverting comedy about a nesting pipit which diverted bird-lovers from World War II.

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KIWANIS FESTIVAL

FROM Feb. 23 to Mar. 6, afternoons and evenings, Eaton Auditorium will be the scene of the fifth annual Greater Toronto Kiwanis Music Festival, with over 3,000 entries and 15,000 contestants. Prizes and scholarships total over $5,000 in value. The two final grand concerts will be held in Massey Hall on Mar. 8 and 11. Entries have come in from all over Ontario, also from Alberta, Quebec and Michigan.

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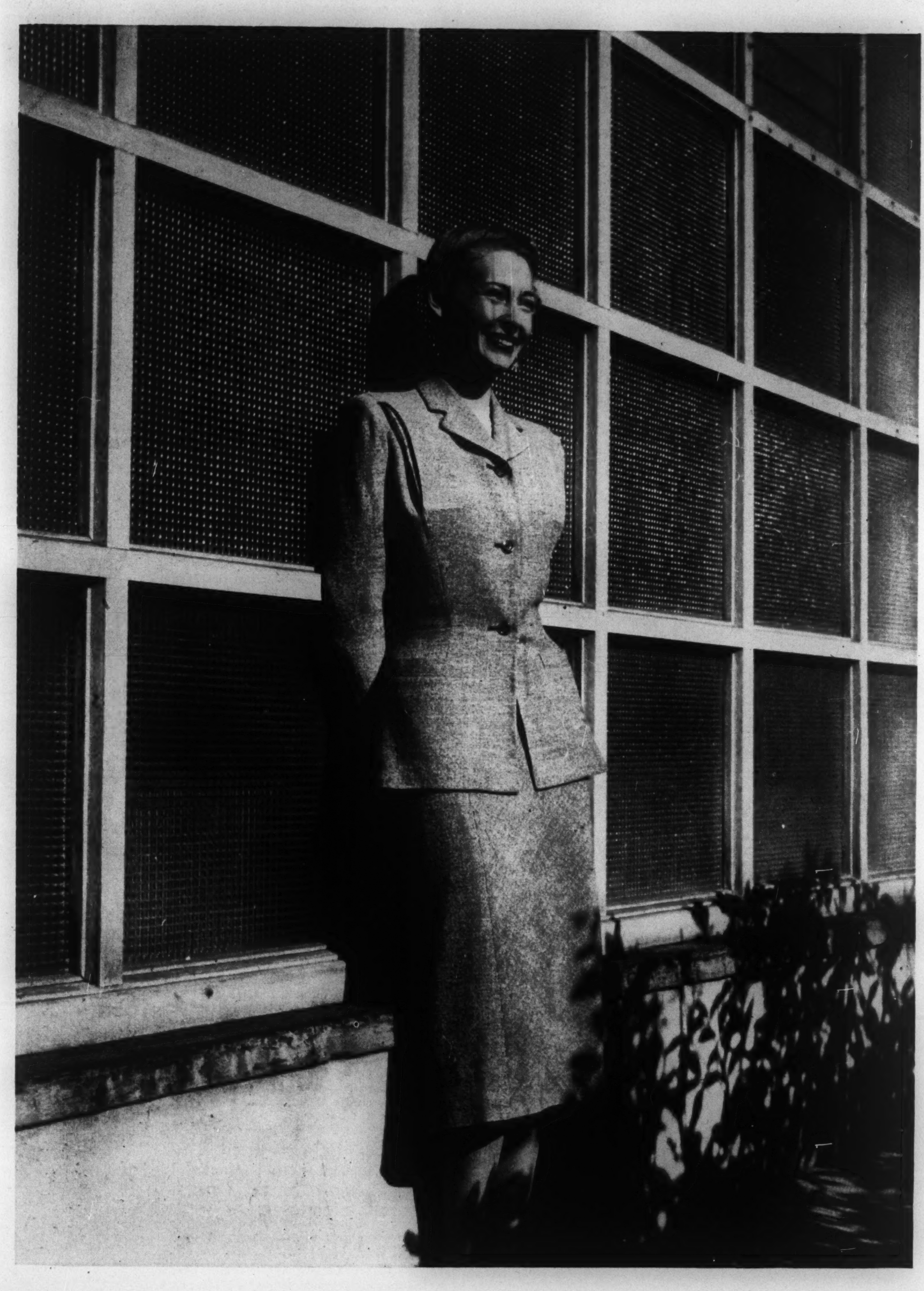

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WORLD OF WOMEN

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BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

TRENDS

Can Women Combine the B.A. and the Baby?

By MIRIAN CHAPIN

THE KINSEY report on "The Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" is a bomb dropped into our social and educational system whose effects cannot yet be appraised. It raises many more questions than it answers. Taken with recent attacks on college education for women, notably and vigorously those of Mr. Philip Wylie, it forces into the open certain misgivings about female education that have been lurking in the underbrush for some time.

For if the period of greatest sexual activity in the male is from sixteen to twenty, is that not the time nature intended him to found a family? And if so, with whom is he going to found it if not with the demoiselle who is supposed until she is twenty-two to be engrossed in the pursuit of the differential calculus and the fission of paramoecia? The fact that she obviously is not completely preoccupied by such considerations, merely intensifies our suspicion that maybe we had better cease to pretend that we expect her to be. Of what use is it to set up curricula that if rigidly followed would require her whole attention?

Women have had a long fight to prove that they have just as good minds as men, and are entitled to just as good an education. In medicine, law, and economics, they are still fighting, but in many fields the battle is won. Maybe now they can afford to look back and consider if *just as good* means *just the same,* if they may not think about courses of study planned especially for women, without sacrificing hard-won rights. Of course the women's colleges, the schools of domestic science, the teachers' colleges, will say they offer such courses. But do they?

If our boys and girls are to marry when nature intended them to, instead of remaining virgin or passing through the series of experimental love affairs that so many do, we shall have to do some overhauling of our ideas on what constitutes a liberal education for our daughters. No amount of social pressure can alter biological factors. It can only repress the manifestations of such drives, often with disastrous psychological results.

One fundamental proposition is clear—nobody needs more general education, broader culture, than the mother of children. Often she needs too a specialized training that will ensure her ability to earn her living if she has to help support the family. In our day she graduates from college learned in history, literature, languages, physics, chemistry, biology, and above all psychology. But is the sixteen-hour class week, the twice a year examination period, the rigid requirement of so many points for graduation, the only way or the best way for her to obtain that education?

The veterans who have piled into our colleges have demonstrated that children underfoot at home are not incompatible with carrying a fairly heavy load of lecture courses, but obviously the situation is not the same for their wives. Science or no science, it still takes nine months to have the baby, and years to bring it up. On the other hand nobody has yet proved that intellectual activity must come to an utter standstill during gestation. One woman of my acquaintance read the thirteen volumes of "The Golden Bough" during her pregnancy and Tyler's "Primitive Culture" while nursing her son. He turned out all right—no neuroses at all.

Children Plus Career

Suppose for the sake of argument, that a girl of eighteen marries and enters college the same year. Suppose she is able, by special arrangements, by scholarships, and other help if her husband is also studying, to prolong her college course for eight years, taking only half the customary work each year. At twenty-six she might have four children, and be prepared for a career if she wants it. She might be a very valuable member of society, young enough to enjoy the companionship of her children when they are growing up, young enough when they leave home to pursue whatever line of work she is good at. She would be no clinging mother, stifling her children's lives because she is lonely without them.

The children of the young are fortunate in many ways. They are likely to grow up in that state of affectionate neglect which leaves them freedom to live in their own world, while there is still security in the background. Nothing is much worse for a child than to feel that the affection of his parents is wholly focussed on him, instead of each other. Children like to be loved and taken for granted, and fathers and mothers freshly in love with each other give them just that casual tenderness, which makes up for any lack of riper wisdom.

Late Marriages

Our present attitude discourages youthful marriages. The young man who studies medicine or law or architecture, the girl who teaches any advanced work for teaching or library, is expected to postpone marriage for years unless there is a fortune in the family to support him or her—and even then one hears the comment, "He'll never amount to anything—have to get out and support his kids—can't keep up his studies." Society as well as the individual loses.

Any such change in our social structure as we are suggesting will stir up opposition, to put it mildly. In the first place it runs contrary to the North American glorification of the young girl, which seems so singularly inane to the European. Neither in England nor on the Continent has the *jeune fille* been such an object of admiration as with us. All our concepts of beauty formed in our impressionable minds by the cosmetic ads, the movies, the pin-ups, are those of untouched, shining youth, often with faces as empty as a German garbage pail. Only occasionally are we shown the type of young motherhood to admire. It must be admitted that our fixation on youth makes it hard for the woman of thirty to adapt herself to the notion that after all more than half her life is ahead of her, and it need not necessarily be the worse half. Even in what seems to seventeen that remote old age of forty, there are still joys and sorrows.

Canada's revolutionary experiment, the family allowance, has already been accepted, and has set a precedent for the valuation of the child as a separate entity, a unit of society as soon as he is born, and partially a responsibility of the state. Our school system is based on the same principle. The next step is to guarantee to the child, parents educated as far as they are capable, and in effect we do this—but only before they marry.

Applied Biology

Perhaps we lay too much stress on the formal framework of class and laboratory. The next few years might be happier ones if they saw a development of a more flexible system —correspondence courses, with occasional consultations, laboratory work done in stretches with time off in between, arrangements like those of Antioch College, where students attend college half the year and work in farms, factories, offices the other half, their jobs chosen and approved by their teachers to give them practical experience in the professions they intend to follow. Surely there could be no better applied biology than bearing a child.

A girl's education ought not to be considered finished because she marries and becomes a mother. She should be enabled to keep on studying if she wants to, and she will be a better wife and mother if she does. There was a lady in mediaeval Italy who bore and raised twelve children, taught philosophy in the university of her city during all those years, and was beloved by all. We too ought to be able to combine the B.A. and the baby.

• •

WHAT'S really new in ornaments? Well, if you don't mind its being two hundred years old there's the long strand of silver-gilt engraved disks that you wear straight down the middle of your spine! Not with a backless gown, either—just as an ornamental cover for your hair braid, or to take the place of one. The disks are graduated in size from as big as a ginger cookie to as small as a coat button, with the largest one pinned to your hair above the nape of the neck. Looks sort of like the tail on a kite, but no more peculiar than a bracelet that has diamond and ruby bands covering the entire back of the hand like a glove. This strange but lovely "Oh, look!" jewelry, heaped with Indian diamonds, Burma rubies and Ceylon sapphires, is at the showing, "From Casa Blanca to Calcutta," at the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum New York.

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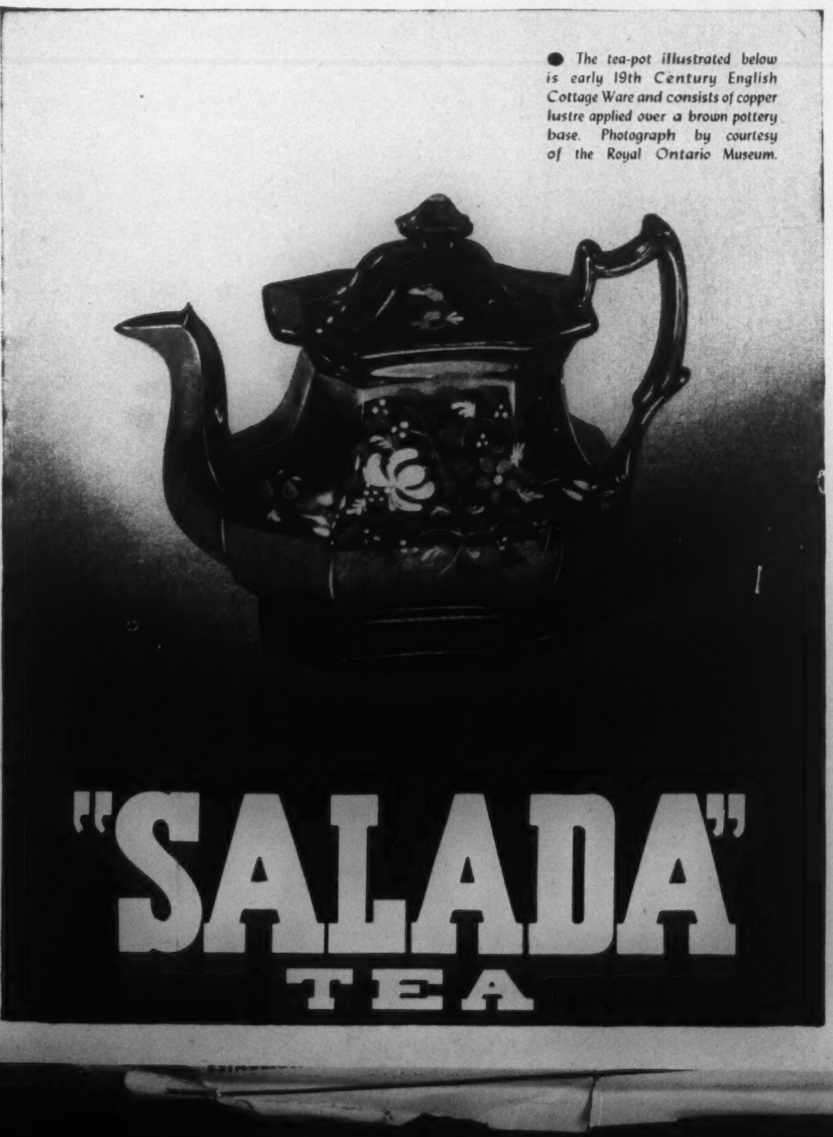
REQUIESCAM

LET me be buried in the Spring
When feathered notes enrich the air,
Or when snow stifles everything—
I do not care.

Let weeds or roses decorate
(Or neither one) my final bed—
But have the decency to wait
Until I'm dead.

J. E. P.


● The tea-pot illustrated below is early 19th Century English Cottage Ware and consists of copper lustre applied over a brown pottery base. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.

"SALADA"
TEA

Parents—here's hopeful news about

Rheumatic Fever

1. The disease is causing fewer deaths!

The mortality from rheumatic fever among children has dropped over two thirds in this country during the past 30 years. However, this disease is still childhood's great enemy because it attacks the heart.

Fortunately today most rheumatic fever patients, thanks to earlier diagnosis and good medical and nursing care, may escape serious damage to their hearts and lead normal, active lives.

2. More cases are being caught early!

As more parents learn the signs that *may* mean rheumatic fever—and as more children have periodic medical examinations—an increasing number of cases are being diagnosed in the early stages, when medical science can do most to protect the child's heart.

Rheumatic fever often has no distinctive symptoms, but such conditions as pain in the joints, continued low fever, loss of weight, poor appetite, or a generally "below par" feeling should have immediate medical attention.

3. Recovery is still a slow process!

Effective treatment for rheumatic fever usually requires rest in bed under a doctor's care. A long convalescence is generally necessary to protect the heart and to help it return to normal.

This is the time when parents can do much to help the child by seeing that he is kept occupied and in a cheerful frame of mind. As recovery progresses the doctor will guide the parents in gradually increasing the child's activities.

4. Children can be protected against further attacks!

As rheumatic fever often attacks more than once, it is necessary to guard against a return of the disease. Frequent checkups by a doctor are often helpful in preventing new attacks.

Just as important is the parents' co-operation with the doctor. Working as a team they can help protect the child from throat and respiratory infections which often pave the way for rheumatic fever. Good food, plenty of rest, and maintaining a good physical condition are also important safeguards.

Medical science is constantly working to increase its knowledge of rheumatic fever. For further helpful information about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 28-T, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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ABROAD

At Home in Australia

By ANN DUPREE

I'D WONDERED occasionally about those Canadian war-brides, and their Australian air force husbands. Almost three years had passed since I'd chopped across Sydney harbor early in the morning, in a rather smelly customs launch, to clamber laboriously on board the R. N. aircraft carrier which had brought them to their new country.

Sydney had been a clearing-house for war-brides. English, Scottish, Irish, Dutch, American, Canadian, a Polish girl or two, and even the partner of a Middle East romance, slightly bewildered and very young they had arrived. Equally bewildered and young, ship-load after ship-load of Australian girls had left.

The Canadians stood out in my memory of that mass migration, with its patient queues, lost passports, tears and primpings, its forlorn parents and laughing re-united husbands, one or two of which had gone unclaimed, strangers in unfamiliar civilian clothes. The Canadians had been so very smart in their crisp cottons, and had a friendly self-assuredness not entirely attributable to the nylons at which Australian women gasped enviously.

Sydney had been at her best to greet them that morning, the shores of blue, sparkling bays and inlets clustered with pleasant bungalows, the water spattered with skimming white canvas of greeting yachts and sailing dinghies, and a faint early morning mist curling in the farther reaches and around the tall buildings of the city itself; and they had been enchanted with their first glimpse of Australia. What are they thinking of the country now, three years later, when the glamour of the water had become an everyday affair, and lovers' meeting a comfortable round of meals, socks and neighborly outings?

Mary Turner, who supplies the answer to these wonderings, is not the sobbing, distraught bride who sought refuge in my office when her husband had bitterly upbraided her inexperienced housekeeping and homesickness. Nor is she the girl from a Western town who found a station homestead of considerable luxury and a property of rolling Queensland grazing country awaiting her. She is the average of women who have scattered, from that Sydney arrival, to the hot, dusty, plains of New South Wales, the tropical Queensland coast, and the more English countryside of Victoria, and who are living under conditions varying from a room with parents-in-law, in a squalid industrial suburb, shared with a baby, to a lonely farm-house with a stubborn wood stove and a pail closet.

A small waist, lovely sweep of the long skirt, an off-shoulder neckline touched with lace, in a taffeta dress for the teen ager. A Ricky Formal.

For several months Mary and her husband, John, lived with his people, who had welcomed her warmly. However, by constant hammering at estate agents' offices and fervent perusal of the "To Let" columns, Mary found a cottage in one of Sydney's older residential suburbs. After further delay while the usually casual John, galvanized by his wife's enthusiasm and the impossibility of prevailing upon plumber or painter, hammered, sawed and painted, they moved in with a flurry of cottage curtains and patch-work quilts.

Electric Aids Few

When questioned on her methods of house-hunting by Australians still homeless and unable to see a break in the grey situation, Mary smiles reminiscently, but with the air of one remembering stirring battles. "I sharpened my accent and my wits, looked twice as depressed as I felt, which was bad enough after the first month of it, and put my feet in a mustard bath every night." John, whose office hours prevented full participation in the forays, beams proudly at his Canadian wife.

"I've been here long enough to criticize a lot of things," Mary says, "but if I do, don't think I'd swap places with anyone. I'm very happy here, and I've made my home here. Australians have been good to me, particularly during the first period of strangeness and homesickness. It will be a long time before I see Canada again, especially since John Jr. has arrived, but I'm missing people and places less each month. I'm even losing my accent, or rather picking up John's Aussie one."

Lack of domestic appliances is perhaps Mary's most constant fault with Australia. "We made the effort and saved for an electric washer and refrigerator. They're the only ones in the street. Women seem resigned to it that house-work must be hard work and drudgery, and I think Australian men take their wives and a comfortable home a bit too much for granted. Labor-saving gadgets are few and far between, and such boons as pressure cooking and quick-freezing are undreamt of by most of the women I know."

Australian men are not as considerate to their wives, nor as domesticated as Canadians, she finds, adding hastily, "I'm not criticizing John, and I try to have the household clutter out of the way as quickly as possible when he comes home tired. But some of my friends' husbands would consider it quite below their masculine dignity to give a hand with the washing-up occasionally, and are incapable of conceiving a surprise outing or a meal out."

While few Australian husbands have a roving eye, she considers that is because they regard women as a necessary evil, and would rather have a beer with the boys, anyway.

One constant ally Mary finds is the climate. "I've sold my snow boots and heavy clothing to an Australian girl married to an English sailor. I only have one top-coat, and I'd freeze in that in Canada. It's wonderful to be free of overshoes, and to have a tan that will last the year round. There is practically no seasonal variation of food, and although the price of peas or beans may go up a penny or two in the off-season, you can always buy them at a reasonable price, while fruit is always plentiful."

Sydney's sunshine and surf Mary finds irresistible, and throughout the long summer almost every week-end sees her packing a picnic lunch and tea, and setting out both on Saturday and Sunday to laze on one of the half dozen Pacific pounded stretches of sand within easy reach. "We dodge the main beaches, they're too crowded and noisy, but just around the headland from any popular beach there is an almost deserted one," Mary says. She has acquired a typical Sydney disregard for the occasional shark alarm sounded, but admits that at first she saw sharks in every piece of floating sea-weed. "I have to keep my eye on John Jr., though," she laughs. "He's determined to become shark-bait at a very tender age." Like most Australian youngsters, he has already splashed his first frantic dog-paddles.

Australians' food tastes vary little from Canadians', she finds. Both eat a lot of meat, though Australians are more given to meat-eating at breakfast, and John would rather polish off a couple of chops than pancakes or fruit. Australian women are very good plain cooks, but are not as venturesome as Canadians. "I gave my mother-in-law ham with pears and syrup glazing on one visit, and she regarded it with considerable suspicion, although finally admitting it was good if somewhat outlandish." she smiles. "Pumpkin pie is another unknown here, and oh, how I miss maple syrup for cooking and candies." When it comes to such venerable English favorites as steak and kidney pudding, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, or single crust apple pie full of succulent juice, Mary hands the laurels to her Australian neighbors.

Still Rationed

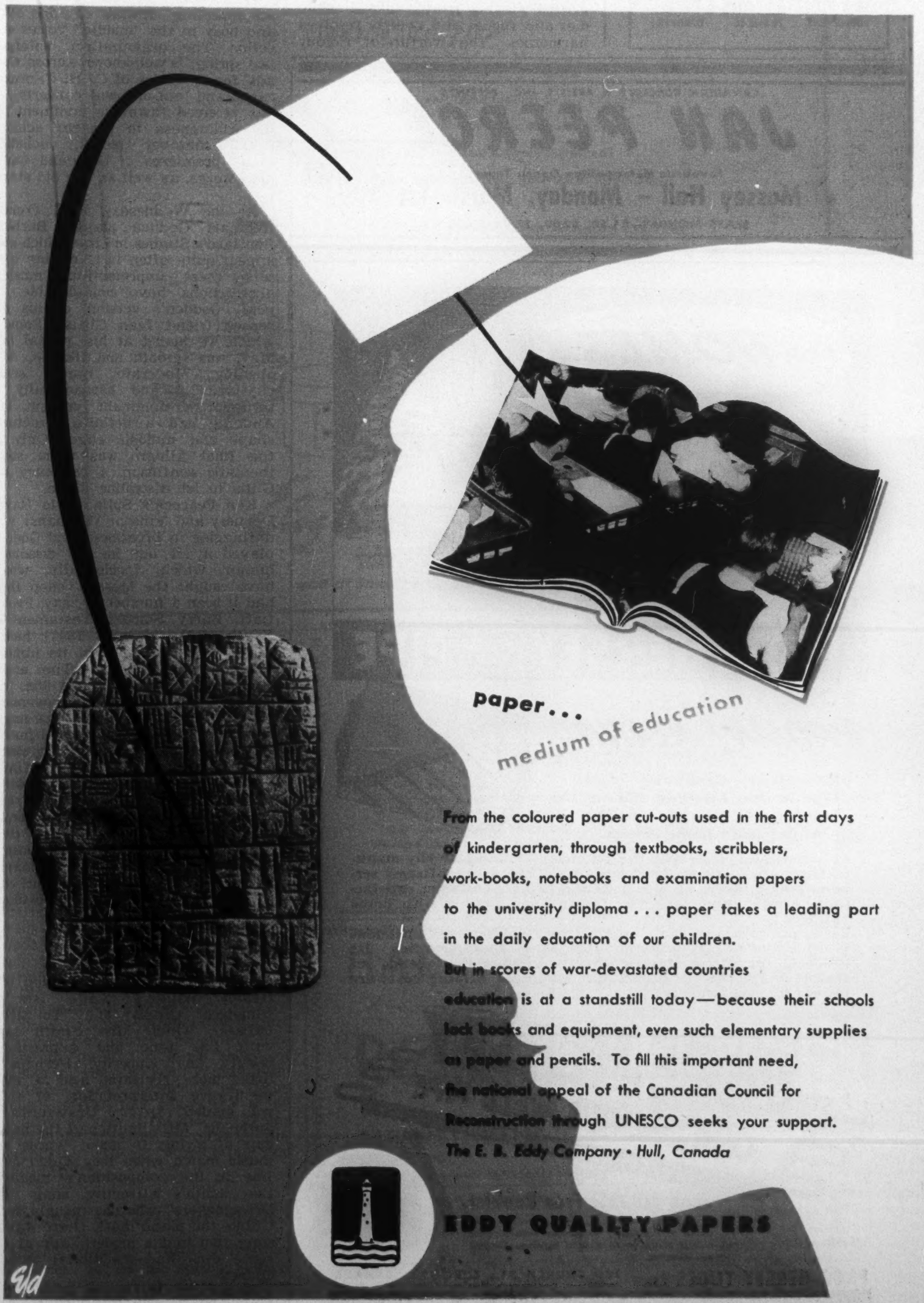
At first the food and clothes rationing which Australia still maintains bothered her somewhat, but experienced now, she finds no difficulty in keeping within the meat ration which a British house-wife would think an enormous quantity, or adhering to the generous amounts of butter, sugar and tea her ration books allow.

"Tea! Goodness me, how Australians drink tea! Morning, noon and night there's a pot brewing, and the blacker the better. I'm as bad as anyone now, and we have coffee only very occasionally. I know some good little coffee shops in the city, though, and when I leave John Jr. with my mother-in-law, and go shopping, I usually have a cup or two."

Mary's wardrobe, which was well-stocked for her arrival, is showing the effect of rationing, but she is philosophical about it. "Women are less given to rushing to extremes here, I think, and the long frocks I hear about in letters from home will take a long time to catch on in Sydney." An occasional parcel bearing Canadian stamps, and containing nylons, still unobtainable in Australia, makes Mary rejoice in her short skirts, rather than sigh for long ones.

It is when she considers John Jr. that Mary becomes most enthusiastic about her new home. "This is the country for children," she says. "There is everything here to make them happy and healthy. Sunshine all the year round, a climate where fifty degrees is extreme hardship, the cleanest, sandiest beaches in the world a fourpenny tram ride away, fruit, milk, vegetables and meat cheap and plentiful, a system of mothercraft classes and clinics for which I cannot express my admiration, and price regulation which keeps essentials within reach of everybody."

Pausing in her flight to retrieve the fat, brown toddler, in his winter garb of sweater and overalls, who was completely absorbed in uprooting the lawn through the bars of his play-pen and smearing the earth on his forehead, Mary said laughingly, "In the winter I wash him, the rest of the year we put him under the hose."



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No Committee to Please

By JOHN H. YOCOM

IN THE same week that Moscow despatches told how art for art's sake was out in Russia and that seven composers had been upbraided for writing music with a "vicious formalistic trend against the people", we looked up some Canadian music that was being performed. How would it fare in the Soviet? At the Forest Hill Village Community Centre concert we heard Samuel Hersenhoren direct his New World Orchestra in a playing of Barbara Pentland's specially commissioned "Colony Music". Two days later at a Royal Conservatory "Wednesday Five O'clock" we listened to top-flight pianist Reginald Godden play an all-Canadian program and soprano Lillian Smith sing three groups of Canadian songs. The Communist Party Central Committee might have been displeased with "undisciplined inventiveness" in some items but we found the works healthy indications of native composition.

Miss Pentland's "Colony Music" is a puzzling but pretty remarkable feat just the same. Its greatest drawback is the fact it has been scored for a chamber orchestra. After all, as violinist Heifetz was reported here two years ago, intellectual music, which subordinates emotional qualities, is hardly a dish for the violin or a group of strings. A solo piano or full orchestra seems to do better. At this stage atonal compositions in the hands of fiddlers are too disturbing for listeners who still prefer chamber groups playing neatly turned melodies and fugues and sweetly resolved harmonies. The Overture of "Colony Music" had a florid piano part, ably played by Leo Barkin, 8-to-the-bar rhythm, syncopation and tingling fugue patterns. The Chorale was a contrast with mellow cello emphasis. Burlesque was a somewhat disjointed piece of sashaying rhythm. In effect, the opening and closing movements had a sort of barren vigor but little grace or charm. Nevertheless, Miss Pentland has a remarkable skill in composition. Some sensitivity now and then to leaven it would help.

Samuel Hersenhoren, an able and impressive conductor (he led the T.S.O. Pops this week), projected each composition with an understanding of both its general scheme and its detail. He maintained structural and stylistic unity in the Haydn Symphony in B flat, handled the Strauss "Rosenkavalier" Waltzes with romantic expression and turned out U.S. composer David Holden's "Music for Piano and Strings" as a piece of smooth "radio music." Any faults in the orchestra's work stemmed from the same causes that make flaws in a string quartet stand out like hand-painted ties. The small size permits no mistakes to be covered and any tone deviations, which occurred rarely, show in *bas relief*.

New Works Are Welcome

The New World Orchestra, now one of the best of its kind in Canada, achieves an impressive balance and an appealing richness of tone color and body in the "middle" voices and cellos. The organization, enlarged last spring, is well-known across Canada for its series of C. B. C. broadcasts and out-of-town concerts. It has received favorable comment for its willingness to present seldom-heard chamber pieces, including many premières of U.S. and Canadian works, as well as the old standbys.

At the Wednesday Five O'clock Reginald Godden played Barbara Pentland's Studies in Line, which now appear quite often in Canadian recitals. These unpretentious musical abstractions have considerable appeal. Godden's version of his deceased friend Ivan Gillis's Sonata, which we heard at his recital last May, was smooth and likable. The opening Moderato made sense rhythmically and harmonically in terms of the dominant lyricism. The Andante had a definite structural shape and melodic edge. Only in the final Allegro was there some thematic confusion, a tendency for Gillis to let discipline down.

Ken Peacock's Suite (*à la* Ravel, Debussy and Vincent Youmans) was unflagging in breeziness and Godden played it all out for its dissonant humor, which, incidentally, would have caught the Moscow chop first, had it been a number by, say, Prokofieff. Harry Somers' Testament of Youth (S.N., May 10, 1947) had a programmatic quality in its implied condemnation of war. The angry chords of the Largo and the patterned bass of the third movement, out of which again came those angry chords, were resourceful and honest in purpose and made a strong single impact. The middle movement, Adagio, was a single melody—almost a one-finger affair — by way of contrast, but over-simplification gave it an unreal quality and was the chief weakness of the whole work. Despite Godden's painstaking performance, fortissimos end on end, a bit cluttered in style, left little opportunity for any brilliance.

Canadian Songs

Of the vocal solos we liked best Healey Willan's "Lake Isle of Innisfree" (Yeats) and "To Sleep" (Keats), which Miss Smith sang with fine tone and expressional beauty and sincerity. Perhaps a little more restraint and a more meditative interpretation of them was needed. In T. J. Crawford's "A Serenade" Miss Smith had the handicap of trying to make words and music match when they didn't quite jibe in the composition's meaning. Leo Smith's attractive song "The Dressmakers" was charmingly sung. Unlike the piano music there was no song that had a modern appeal and some even had traditional melodic cliches.

Ezio Pinza, Met basso, sang to two large audiences in Eaton Auditorium last week and impressed his listeners with the vocal power, range and dramatic flexibility that have made him famous. Perhaps some few were disappointed that Pinza did not sing more of the traditional operatic arias (he would have missed his customary orchestra) but the majority were charmed by the occasional aria (Handel, Mozart and Verdi) and the bulk of the Italian art songs, superbly rendered with feeling that made the language at once understandable.

Madame Lubka Kolessa, gifted Ukrainian-born concert pianist, will be guest artist at the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir's annual a cappella concert in Massey Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25. Gratien Landry, young baritone from New Brunswick studying at the Royal Conservatory, will be the choir's own soloist. Sir Ernest MacMillan will conduct the choir in a program covering the compositions of centuries—motets by Palestrina and Bach, folk-songs of Russia, England, Scotland and French Canada, spirituals, and secular and sacred songs both new and old. In April the choir will visit Ottawa and Montreal, the first time since the war that it has sung outside Toronto.

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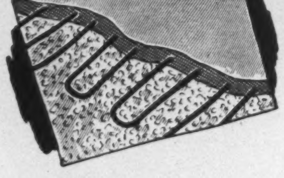

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Documentary on the Air

By JOHN L. WATSON

THE Canadian-made Documentary, which has attained a commendably high level of proficiency on the screen, notably in some of the better productions of the National Film Board, has had a rough passage on the air. The "Wednesday Night" broadcast about Shipshaw and the Saguenay Valley is a case in point, one that seemed to me to illustrate quite vividly the *wrong* approach to the subject. The program was intended, I presume, to be a "dramatic documentary"—or perhaps a "documentary drama", whichever you prefer. It was, in fact, a documentary, insofar as it presented a great deal of information about the subject with which it was concerned, but it failed miserably in its attempt to be dramatic. The documentary can be a statistical report or a work of art, depending on its dramatic content, and the Shipshaw came nearer to the first than the second.

The theme was a good one: a day in the life of a community built around a gigantic hydro-electric development; a community whose business it was to tend the Machine, and whose existence and happiness were bound up in the function of the Machine. A theme that should have been duck soup in the hands of a creative writer. Over the air, it consisted of a series of "actualities"—many of them pointless and uninteresting—recorded on the spot and arbitrarily strung together without any thought for either contrast or cohesion. There was no plot, no development, no climax and consequently no dramatic unity. It was "naturalism" in its purest form, and pretty sterile.

A documentary, if it is to be worthwhile as a radio program (especially a C.B.C. "Wednesday Night" program) must have the dimensions of a work of art; it must be sauced and savoured with drama, with changes of pace and tension; it must be pared and pruned and fitted together by the hand of an artist; it must hang together and be all-of-a-piece, and it must have *form*. In short, the whole must amount to a good deal more than the sum of its parts, which was not the case in the Shipshaw epic. The C.B.C. will have to do better than this if it wants to maintain the standard set by such broadcasts as "The White Empire" and "Box Seats".

If there is any part of the "Wednesday Night" set-up that has let us down—and badly—it is the department of talks and lectures. Actually, the best talk I have heard in the whole series was by Mr. John Coulter, in which he suggested that the C.B.C. had gone after "big names" rather than good speakers and good subjects. By far the *worst* talk was given the following week by Algernon Blackwood on "The Fear of Heights". It was as if the C.B.C. had gone out of its way to substantiate Mr. Coulter's charge! I suppose Mr. Blackwood is a "big name": at any rate, he is referred to as "a popular novelist" which implies the same thing. In a hideous parody of what is generally known as "the conversational style" he told us that some people are afraid of heights and some people aren't and he (Mr. Blackwood) doesn't know why. And that was that.

Canadian Speakers

Obviously there are dozens of Canadians in every walk of life who are capable of speaking intelligently on serious subjects or, if necessary, of speaking amusingly about less serious ones. There is no need to import second-hand B.B.C. recordings even of very good speakers—still less need to import thoroughly incompetent ones—big names or no big names!

Forty-five minutes of every "Wednesday Night" are given over to Forums, a practice which some critics—and a good many listeners—are inclined to deplore. However, these forums, which are dedicated to individual expression of opinion on matters of great public importance, are a necessary part of our political education and there is no better medium for their transmission than radio. The question is, then: Are the C.B.C. forums sufficiently well conducted to warrant their occupying the best listening hour of the best listening night of the week? The answer is that if the forthcoming forums measure up to the standard set by the one or two really first-rate ones that we have heard during the last few weeks they are well worth the effort; if, on the other hand, they are going to resemble the less successful ones of the past they ought to be relegated to another hour, or, better still, to another night.

Programs of free discussion, if they are to be anything more than political squabbles, must be controlled by a chairman who has all the qualifications, and all the authority, of a Speaker of the House. Or, failing that, they must be artificially contrived—by means of recording and editing—so that the opinions—and the differences of opinion, too—are emphasized and the confusion eliminated. An excellent example of the latter was the forum on The Prevention of War, broadcast about six weeks ago. By the use of recordings and competent actors the opinions of everyday people were given a clarity of expression almost impossible to elicit in wholly "live" broadcasts, which I think more than compensated for the loss of spontaneity.

The debate on Canada's Foreign Policy was a different kind of forum altogether. Three professional politicians were engaged to express the views of the three senior political parties on the subject of our foreign affairs but it is doubtful if even the most percipient listener could have got much sense out of it: it was a roaring display of tub-thumping, shilly-shallying and good old-fashioned stump oratory. However, it did help to establish the policies of the various parties and to give the man in the street a better idea of his importance as an elector.

Among all the "Wednesday Night" features the musical programs continue to merit the lion's share of applause. The Geoffrey Waddington-William Morton broadcast of little-known British folk songs was a joy to listen to, one of the few programs that could honestly be termed "different" as well as "stimulating and substantial".

• • •

WORLD ADVENTURE SERIES

THE Toronto World Adventure series begins its spring season, featuring five lecture-films, on Mar. 13, Eaton Auditorium. The first lecturer will be Karl Robinson telling about China today in his all-color film, "China Journey." On Mar. 23 Max Gene Nohl speaks on "4000 Years of Diving," showing the story of man's attempt to explore the ocean floor. On April 9, color pictures of the famous Koni-Tiki expedition will be shown and Dr. Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition, will tell the experiences of the six Scandinavian explorers who floated a raft this past summer from Peru to Polynesia.

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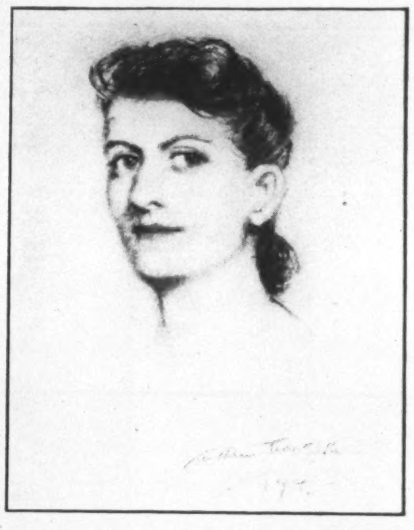
PERSONALITIES

Portrait of a Poet

By KATHLEEN SHACKLETON

WHEN I first met Gladys Joy Tranter ten years ago in Edmonton I was looking for an Irish type for a book I was illustrating. There was the perfect colleen, I decided, with the map of Ireland written all over her face—then came the question, would she sit for me? She would and did.

She brought a little black woollen shawl to the hotel and posed sympathetically and intelligently. I meant to make a portrait of her one day as Gladys Joy herself and it was only quite recently, since we met in Toronto, that I managed to do so. My "Colleen" is now one of the most versatile of the new crop of Canadian authors and all that the map of Ireland can mean to the mental make-up of a writer has colored her creations. For with the seeing eye of the Irish and the soul of the poet, she can give romance to every day events and facts and yet present an accurate story that no one can say wasn't true.



Joy Tranter, authoress, from a pastel portrait by Kathleen Shackleton.

Her book "Plowing the Arctic" was a piece of carefully collected history and her more recently published "Link to the North" has placed her among those writers and painters who have chosen the New North as their special Canadian subject. The latter book dealing with the building of the portage which assisted in the opening of that part of the north known as the Mackenzie District, involved travel and much hard work as Joy had to visit and interview certain persons connected with the pioneer days who were nowhere near Toronto when she undertook the job. She told me that she had made notes in 1936 about the romance of that portage which led to the writing of the book which appeared eleven years later.

Work is one thing of which Joy Tranter is not afraid, and she has worked and earned her title as "Canadian author" since her first short story was published in 1927 when she had been living in Winnipeg just about eight years.

In 1932 a play "They're All Neighbors" won her first place in a nationwide competition and that year she originated a radio script, "Bridget and Pat", which ran for four years.

She can produce humorous material and yet it is the rather mystic touch that appeals to me most in her poetry, and many of her short poems were actual experiences of her own given to the world when she felt the urge to tell them. For instance "The Beggar" really happened on a drive to Edgeworth's Town one day.

Getting Joy Tranter to talk of her beginnings was a difficult matter, for I found that, in common with many artists who seem more proud of their hobbies or their "art alien to the artist" than of the work by which they are known, she never regarded herself as a budding genius.

Reflection of Beauty

As soon as she started to talk she was off on her childish ambitions, dismissing her power of writing as nothing—"children just take writing for granted when young—to them it's like breathing or anything else—they aren't conscious they are doing anything special." But she waxed enthusiastic over her dream of developing new species of flowers ("I was gardening at six")—and having produced ten black pansies and found one with a yellow centre the latter had to come right out of the bed—"You see if it stayed there all the new pansies would have had yellow centres," she explained.

The picture I formed of the little Joy, who could drive her own pony and cart at five over the Irish countryside, was that of a nice but rather naughty little tomboy with a flare for teasing the grown-ups. Even these days, many of her confreres in the Canadian Authors' Association will no doubt utter the well-worn truism about the child being "father to the man", etc., for many have seen that little devil pop into Gladys Joy's beautiful eyes when she feels the irresistible urge to utter a bright but teasing remark. It should be added that a sweet smile—and a soothing sequel—usually follow if she thinks she has really hurt anyone's feeling for she is above all human and genuinely kindhearted.

And of all her works, perhaps that narrative poem "A Soldier's Legacy" published in 1944 best displays that warm humanity. The story of just one family and the "day to day events in its household" (as the book-jacket says) gives one the feeling of having known all the characters somewhere some time.

Joy's first remembrance of beauty was a pond surrounded with narcissi with lovely reflections in the water that so satisfied the youthful spirit of the budding poetess she felt that all happiness was hers. "But suddenly a great dog rushed up and barked—and the raucous sound hurt so much I felt something had been broken and I knew then that beauty could be shattered," remarked the grown-up Joy. But that lovely reflection has stayed somewhere in her make-up forever.

White Magic from a Tree

By PHILIP BLAKE

HOW would you like to be able to go out into the garden and pick your washing soap off a tree overhanging the back door?

That's what the housewives do in Tanganyika, East Africa, the land where there are never any worries about shortages of soap or the high price it may be necessary to pay for it (as is the case in many parts of the postwar world).

Today soap is not difficult to buy in Tanganyika but, during the war, soap from the local soap berry trees—*Sapindus Saponaria* is the botanical name, if you should happen to be of an academic turn of mind—filled the gap when soap could not be imported or manufactured locally owing to the lack of raw materials. The war effort of hundreds of young African boys and girls was to collect basket loads of soap berry "bars" and sell them to the government.

The berries grow in great clusters rather like grapes. Crushed and put into water, the berries lather just like ordinary soap and can be used to wash even the finest silk without harming the material.

Their use is not new. Nearly 2,000 years ago Pliny first recorded using soap berries. For years past French manufacturers have washed silks and other delicate materials with tree soap specially cultivated in French tropical countries.

When large numbers of troops began to arrive in East African ports the medical authorities found the soap berry very useful in their antimalarial campaign.

Yet, while scientists are busily experimenting with the soap berry today, the natives take no interest in their efforts. Like their forefathers they carry on using the soap for a purpose that has nothing to do with cleanliness—a purpose which, oddly enough has more palatable results.

Strange as it may sound, the East African natives use the berries from the soap tree to catch fish. The native just pours some of the soap berry foam into shallow channels frequented by fish, and the result is highly satisfactory—for the native, not for the fish. The fish die quickly but are still quite edible. On very hot afternoons the natives merely drag a soap tree branch through the water.

What else can this magic tree do? Well, you can always use its berries to rub on your hair. Soap berry shampoo is specially favored by Indian women for their long black tresses. For this purpose the native boys, whose lucrative war effort no longer exists, can still earn a cent or two.

Then, the berry also provides beads for the local beauties. These are the inner seeds which make beads or buttons, hard as wood and dark brown in color.

Certainly a useful tree to have around these days—but it won't flourish in your garden if you live in the northern hemisphere. It is strictly allergic to the rigors of such a clime.

JOAN RIGBY

DRESSES—TWEEDS—ACCESSORIES
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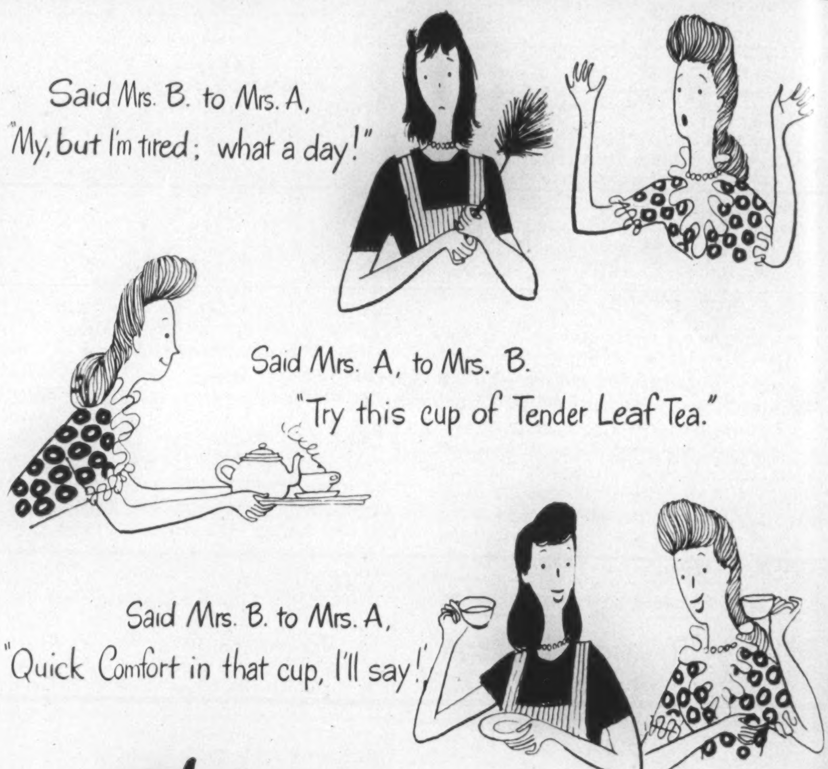
Said Mrs. B. to Mrs. A,
"My, but I'm tired; what a day!"
Said Mrs. A, to Mrs. B.
"Try this cup of Tender Leaf Tea."
Said Mrs. B. to Mrs. A,
"Quick Comfort in that cup, I'll say!"

There's Quick Comfort in a cup

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The world looks brighter from behind a steaming cup of this finer tea. Famous for flavor—and the name, "Tender Leaf", tells you why. It's the young, *tender* leaves that are richest in tea flavor. At your grocer's, in convenient size packages . . . and in "filter-type" tea balls . . . no specks; every cup crystal clear.

TENDER LEAF
Tea Balls
Orange Pekoe
Tender Leaf TEA

CUISINE

Time Is of the Essence

By ELIZABETH HAMMOND

HOW does today's woman manage to serve on a variety of committees, work for the good of the community, and still run efficiently and well her home affairs? That, in many minds, is the $64 question!

Mrs. G. F. W. Kuhring who lives with her husband in a pleasant old home on Montrose Avenue in Westmount, Quebec, apparently knows the answer.

There are few women more actively engaged in voluntary community work in the city, than Mrs. Kuhring, and yet she never appears rushed or flustered, or lacking in poise. She may be on her way to open a bazaar, chair a meeting, sit in as an observer at another meeting, drop in for tea somewhere else, ending up at the Dickens Fellowship gathering in Victoria Hall, later that evening. But you can be sure that her home, managed without domestic help, except for a cleaning woman, has not suffered. The hands and mind so skilfully engaged all day outside her home, will turn just as skilfully to the preparing of the evening meal.

Listing Grace Kuhring's voluntary activities is apt to leave the average woman a trifle breathless. She is corresponding secretary of the Montreal Women's Club, provincial treasurer of the W.C.T.U., member of the national executive of the United Nations Association in Canada, and director of the study group, as well as chairman of the U.N.E.S.C.O. group in the Westmount Branch, of which her husband, Captain Kuhring, is president this year (a family team, this). She is a member of the Palestine Committee, member of the National Committee on Refugees and of the Montreal Committee; chairman of Migration on the Local Council of Women in Montreal, organizer and vice president of Argentuil County Historical Society, of which her husband is a director; until the League for Women's Rights and the Montreal Civics League threw in their lot together recently to become the League for Women Voters, she was vice president of the Civics League, and still serves on the committee-Legal Status of Women in the Province of Quebec.

In her time, Mrs. Kuhring has been corresponding secretary of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and last June, represented and spoke for Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., then president of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, at a world W.C.T.U. meeting at Asbury Park. Throughout the war Mrs. Kuhring served on the regional advisory board of Wartime Prices and Trade Board. In fact, she was one of the 11 original members.

One is apt to think of women who do a great deal of club and community leadership work as being the busy executive, dominating type. Grace Kuhring is a very humble person who is entirely sincere in her desire to help where she can, to make whatever contribution her capacity for work renders possible. Both she and her husband possess in a large degree, that gift so necessary to those who work in the public interest, a lively delightful sense of humor.

Her explanation of how she came to interest herself in community work is simple. She has no children, and during the war when her husband was second in command to the late Col. D. J. Donahoe, D.S.O., at Sherbrooke and Farnham, she had time on her hands. What better way to use it than in community service?

Mrs. Kuhring has a reputation for being able to dash in from a meeting or whatever she has been working on of an afternoon, and have a full course meal on the table in 15 minutes flat. In fact, she has been known to do it in 12! Her secret is foresighted preparation and planning.

For instance, while she is washing dishes of a morning, she will put a head of cauliflower on to cook, which, stored in the refrigerator in the water it was boiled in, will be served in three different forms. Same way with carrots, and string beans. She scrubs her carrots well, cooks them with the skins on, slipping these off after they are cooked, when she cuts one bunch into cubes, one into thin little rings, and the other into sticks, or she may do this before cooking. Stored in air-tight containers in the refrigerator, she has carrots for three different meals. The Kuhrings are devoted to soup, spring, summer or winter, and the water in which vegetables are cooked is always used in soups. Also, Mrs. Kuhring, when having chops, cuts the bone away from the meat to be used for soup stock.

She keeps on tap in the refrigerator fresh ground round steak, and always several pounds of back bacon which in an emergency make quick hot meat dishes. The latter has even served as mock ham, rolled in brown sugar and stuck with cloves.

Another shortcut is mushrooms. These are cooked and stored in an air-tight jar in the refrigerator, ready to add that extra fillip to a quick meal. And tomatoes are another standby. Mrs. Kuhring cans the tomatoes herself and uses them in time of emergency as a basis for many dishes.

If unexpected guests drop in and the emergency shelf is minus sandwich spreads, Mrs. Kuhring makes a quickly prepared and delicious Mock Crab spread. She opens a can of tomatoes, brings a cup of the pulp (it must not be too wet) to a boil and into it breaks an unbeaten egg. You don't beat the egg beforehand, just stir it in with a fork. Result — the pieces of egg look for all the world like tiny bits of crab meat.

And here is a recipe which Mrs. Kuhring uses when it's a question of tossing her hat and gloves on the hall table and making for the kitchen in double quick time.

Cheese Souffle for Two

1 cup fresh bread crumbs, ½ cup milk, 4 tbs. grated cheese, 3 tbs. fat, 1 tsp. salt, few grains pepper, 2 eggs.

Cook crumbs in milk (in double boiler) until soft. Add cheese, fat, salt and pepper, and cook 1 minute. Separate eggs, beat yolks and add to above mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites last. Pour into buttered casserole and bake in hot oven for 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

And here are two desserts which the Kuhrings swear by, and which Captain Kuhring thinks are extra special when made by his wife's hands.

Chocolate Custard a la Kuhring

3 cups milk, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 6 heaping tbs. sugar, 2 tbs. boiling water, 3 scant tbs. corn starch, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Heat 2½ cups milk in double boiler. Mix together 2 tbs. boiling water, 6 heaping tbs. sugar and 2 squares chocolate in small pan over hot water. Boil 2 minutes after the mixture is melted and add to hot milk in double boiler. Dissolve 3 tbs. corn starch in ½ cup cold milk and add to chocolate milk mixture. Cook and stir until slightly thickened (about 10 minutes), add vanilla and pour into small molds or custard cups. When cold unmold and serve with whipped cream.

Orange Souffle

4 egg whites, 4 tbs. sugar, 3 tbs. orange marmalade, grated rind of 1 orange.

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; beat in sugar and fold in marmalade and orange rind. Cook 1 hour in buttered top of double boiler over boiling water. *Don't peek!*

Turn out on serving dish and serve with whipped cream, or custard, or yellow sauce.

Custard

3 egg yolks, 2 cups scalded milk, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla, speck of salt.

Beat yolks slightly with fork, add sugar and salt; add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler over hot (*not boiling*) water. Stir continuously until mixture coats the spoon—about 7 minutes. Chill and flavor.

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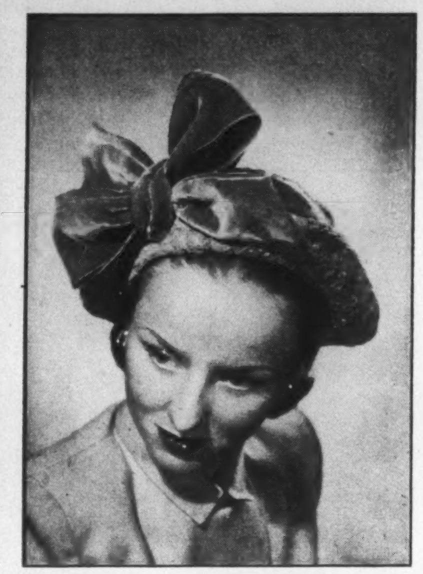


An off-face tricorne of golden rough straw by Mme. Pauline. It is banded with vivid green velvet ribbon, with a soaring bow at one side of brim.

To Avoid Boredom

By LOUISE STONE

"I ASKED you to drop in, Marion," Ellen said, "so you could help me with my five-minute speech for our next Club meeting. Mrs. Thorpe-Brown assigned me a subject, 'The Ignorance of Boredom'."

Marion leaned back in her chair and yawned. "Are you sure it isn't 'The Boredom of Ignorance'?"

" 'The Ignorance of Boredom'," Ellen repeated pointedly. "Mrs. Thorpe-Brown said the inference is that if you have sufficient resources within yourself you need never be bored. She suggested that I begin my speech by mentioning three main causes of boredom—trivia, frustration, and monotony—and then give ideas for counteracting them by the cultivation of inner resources. She recommended a knowledge of psychology as an inner resource. Then I am to point it up by giving illustrations."

"All in five minutes?"

"Since I have only five minutes, I've thought up one illustration that covers everything. For instance, we all know, ladies—I mean, Marion. . ."

"That's all right," Marion said amiably, "go ahead and practice on me."

"We all know the casual acquaintance who calls us on the telephone and monologues endlessly about nothing. We are bored to death by her trivia. We wish she would shut up and give us a chance to talk. She doesn't, and we are frustrated. The monotony gets us down. Not having inner resources, we doodle on the telephone pad . . . ."

"Art?" Marion submitted. "Isn't art an inner resource?"

"I don't think doodling is an art."

"It's art of the automatic school," Marion explained.

"But does it hold our attention or make us any less ignorant? No, we have to do better than doodling."

"Why not fall back on what inner resources we have handy, and think of a good excuse to hang up?"

"I suppose," Ellen reflected, "a good excuse would indicate inner resources."

"How about hanging up without an excuse?"

"A perfect example of ignorance!"

"Without the boredom," Marion defended feebly.

Her Trivia

"You keep confusing things by not carrying out the thought," Ellen protested. "We want ignorance and boredom hand in hand. Mrs. Thorpe-Brown's idea is to overcome boredom by psychoanalyzing the person's mental adjustment as revealed by her trivia. Of course, in order to be sure of our ground, we should read a book or two on psychology and go to the right movies. We probably will find that she has a neurosis."

"These days," Marion observed, "we can't call our neurosis our own."

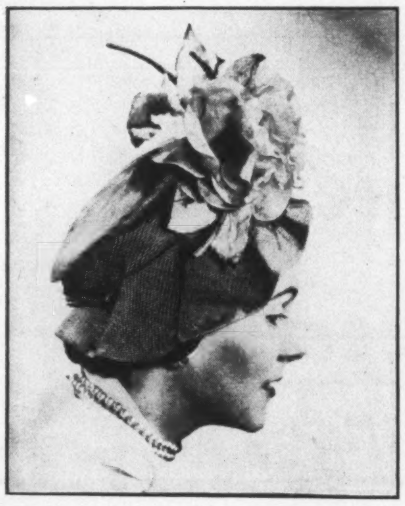
"With a little practice we can discover her motivation, the sources and conditions of her stimulation, her repressions, inhibitions, psychological blocks, compensations, desires . . . ."

"And when her monologue is finished," Marion contributed, "we can psychoanalyze our doodling."

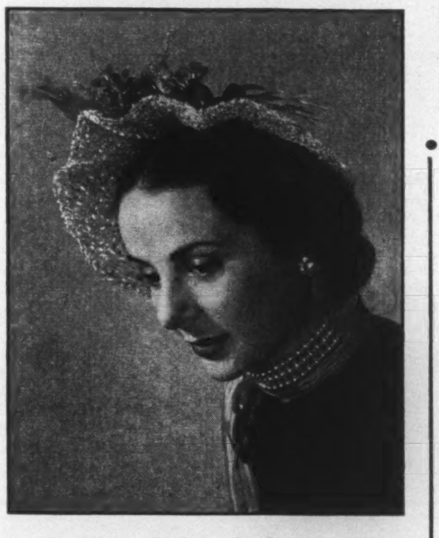
"It's a fascinating pastime!" Ellen declared.

"Just frightfully fascinating," Marion agreed. "What does Henry have to say about it?"

"Henry says that given a choice, he would prefer the ignorance of boredom to an ignorance of psychology, since of the two the former is the less dangerous. Henry wasn't much help. But he did give me my concluding sentence. He told me to say, 'In conclusion, ladies, if anybody has been bored by my talk, well—the inference is clear, isn't it?' "



A bonnet of fragile lavender balibuntal straw is designed by Sally Victor. The gently pleated brim is squared above brow, and topped by a pair of powder blue silk cabbage roses.



Violets mingled with feathers trim this burnt open straw mesh ripple bonnet from Hattie Carnegie's spring collection. With it is worn one of the new Carnegie pearl-choker cravats.

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM
59th ANNUAL STATEMENT

DURING THE YEAR 1947
THE ASSETS SHOWED
a $5,641,010 INCREASE
AND NOW TOTAL $78,386,060
BUSINESS IN FORCE SHOWED
a $26,549,881 INCREASE
AND NOW TOTALS OVER $332,297,500
PAYMENTS TO POLICY OWNERS AND BENEFICIARIES WERE OVER
$4,553,000
OF WHICH 58.9% WAS PAID TO LIVING POLICY OWNERS
NEW BUSINESS PAID FOR, INCREASED AND REVIVED, AMOUNTED TO $48,617,286

A complete copy of the Annual Report for 1947 may be secured from any of our Branch Offices which are located in principal cities, or from the Company's Head Office at Waterloo, Ontario.

★ Our 59th Year of Service ★
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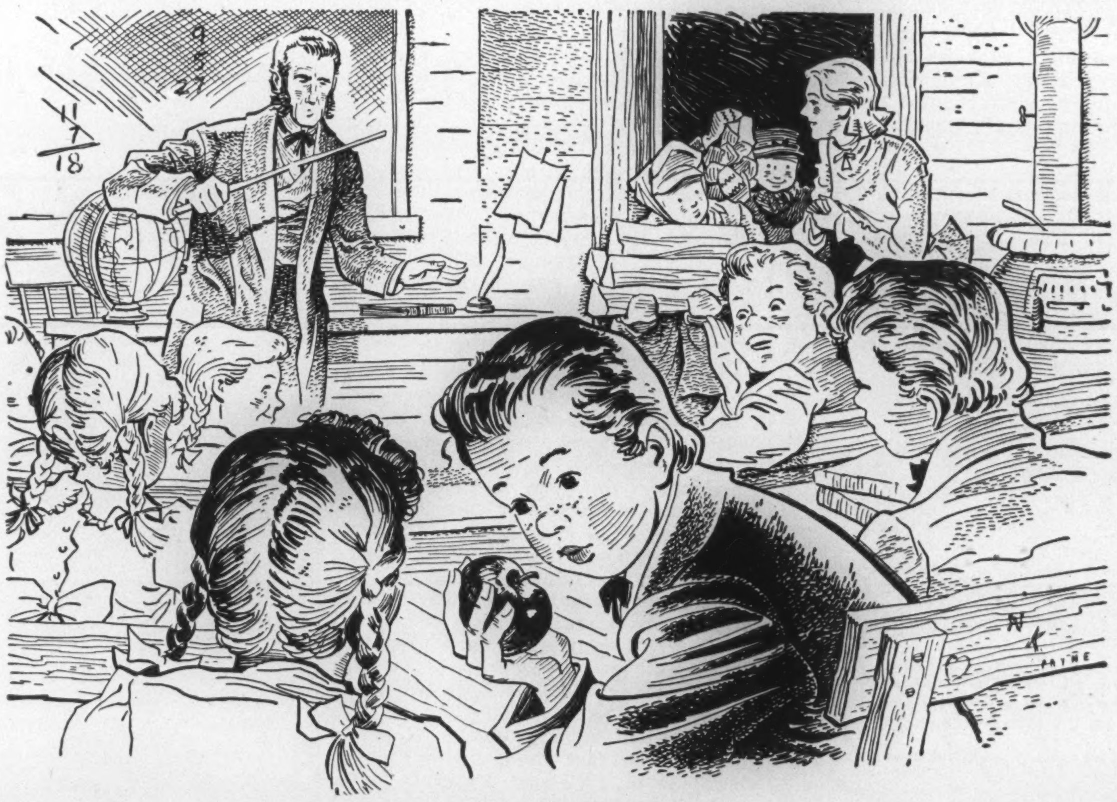

The year was 1835 . . .

: : : young Canada trudged off to school with a stick of firewood under his arm! For in that year an enterprising schoolmaster named John Holmes opened one of the nation's earliest schools. He called it "The Nursery of Science," with Mrs. Holmes in charge of the "Female Department." In addition to a fee of from 12s 6d to 20s per quarter, each pupil was required to supply his share of the fuel!

Holmes had made a start toward our present educational system—but it was many years before schools were free to all in Canada. Through those years it was public opinion expressed by vote that finally forced action.

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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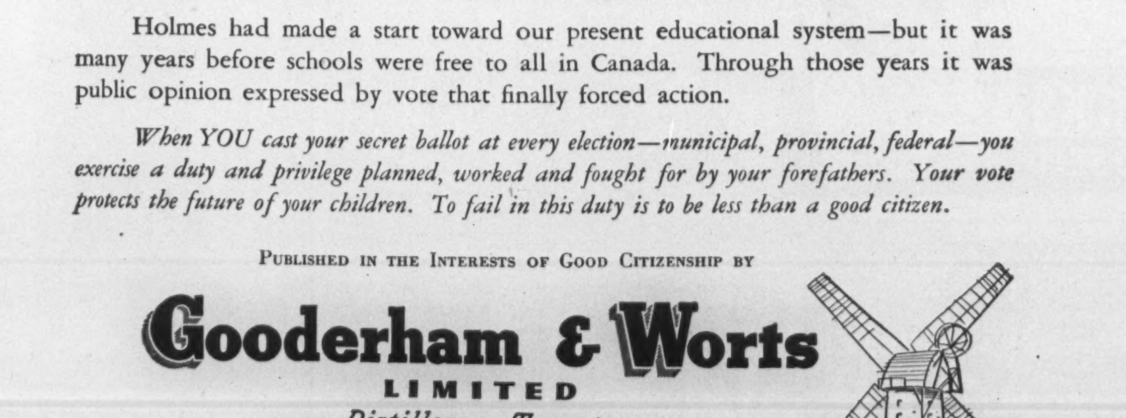

Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832.
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground.

Wanted -- a Black Spaniel

By WINIFRED D. PILCHER

MAYBE it was the appealing newspaper picture of an unwanted pup in the local pound that in the first place made us think it would be a wonderful idea to give our little godson, Jimmy, a dog, as a Valentine. On the other hand, it was probably the fun we expected to get out of the chase that actually decided us. So we phoned Jimmy's mother to see what her reaction was going to be to paw marks on the parquet, nibbles out of her nylons and bones on the broadloom.

Surprisingly she made light of all three—which only proved, of course, that she'd never had a dog in the house before—and chatted enthusiastically of how easy it would be to get Jimmy to take his pills, three kinds, from here out with a dog offered as a reward.

A glance down the column entitled "Dogs and Pet Stock" convinced us the whole thing was going to be a pushover for there seemed to be no other breed known but Cocker Spaniel. We picked out three advertisers who qualified their offerings as "little beauties", and who also gave phone numbers.

That was our first setback. At the first call all had already been sold; at the second only females remained; at the third, no black ones. Well, evidently too many other prospective purchasers had been encouraged by the "little beauties" so we went down the short, terse ads that mentioned only that the dogs were pedigreed. The same fate awaited us—no black, no males or no dogs at all.

Heart Interest

We began to wonder then if it were that our telephone voices were so lacking in dog appeal that nobody would trust us with their "little black beauties". So we circumvented that possibility by ignoring the ads with phone numbers and started calling personally on those with a street number. We certainly gained a wide knowledge of the city that way, and a wider insight into the variety and type of dog breeders but it netted us no Cocker, black and male. So we were resigning ourselves to something blonde and female when a different type of ad with heart interest sent us hurtling to a new address.

It was a private home this time where a door opened on a hall filled with a tricycle and an express wagon. We'd come about the dog, we said with bated breath, and, of course, it couldn't be black and male? The man smiled a trifle wanly, we thought, and said it could, and suddenly there stood the gem of any collection with head cocked so that one ear folded back rakishly on his head and the other drooped disarmingly the while he was getting ready for the take-off for my last pair of stockings. He was prevented in this by a four-year-old boy darting from the rear and wildly clutching him and yelling, "You can't have him—he's mine — he shan't go!" and an irate female farther back still clutching the child and yelling, "Be quiet, or I'll spank you."

Through the din we managed to elicit finally that the female had decided an active child and an untrained pup were too much for one pair of hands to cope with so the pup had to go. But any movement on our part sent the child into a low, heartbroken wailing and let the pup in for more strangling so that in the end we backed out like a pair of amateur house-breakers caught red-handed stealing candy from a babe.

After that we were ready to call Jimmy's mother and say, pills or no pills, the deal was off but the anguish that we knew would ensue at the breaking of a promise deterred us and sent us off on one more dog hunt.

It was a private house again where the owners were leaving for the States and didn't want to take their pup with them. We said, once more, it couldn't be black and male? No, it couldn't. It was blonde and female just as we had known as soon as we had set foot on the veranda. The owner was even willing to give her away to find a good home for her. We suspected the worst at that but asked him to let us see her when really we should have turned and run for our lives then and there, for to us all pups are completely irresistible and make drooling idiots of us.

Well, this one was no exception, in fact being the female of the species she even gave us an angle or two that none of the male pups had thought to exploit, with the result that we laid Inky gently away in our memories, and agreed to take a blonde female. We would come for her on the fourteenth, now a week away.

But there was the rub. The owner was leaving in three days and tomorrow the furniture would all be gone and—could we take her away tonight? We both hastily reviewed in our minds the facilities for a pup in a small apartment house where dogs were emphatically not welcome and finally, like the fools we were, agreed to run the risk of being thrown out bodily, even at times like these.

As we stole stealthily in the apartment entrance, the pup half smothered by a muff, we could hear our telephone ringing and, although we didn't hurry, it was still ringing with an insistence not to be denied when we reached our door on the third floor. We should have known by then that Inky had turned Nemesis but I went innocently to answer it. It was Jimmy's mother, breathless and excited. Had we got a dog yet? She hoped not as Jimmy had been going down to the hospital for tests to see if they could find anything that might be causing all the colds he had been getting and just today it had been discovered that he was allergic to—of all things—dog hairs!

It took us some time to recover from that one—long enough, to be exact, for the pup to have chewed up my muff and strewed it round the dining-room and be starting on the second pair of bedroom slippers. With my blood at a full, rolling boil and eyes studiedly focussed on the carnage and not on the pup, I strode to the phone and dialled a newspaper office and asked for the advertising department.

"You mean the Want Ads?" a voice asked.

"No, the Un-Wanted!" I snapped.

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OTHER PAGE

"My Name's Ed. Acorn"

By HORACE BROWN

THE streets of Charlottetown looked quiet and a little forlorn, as though trying to forget that they had nowhere to go but the shores of a forgotten island had made them introspective. Our battered motorcycle chugged protestingly, weary from the miles of red-clayed road it had eaten that day. The smooth tires left the marks of the all-pervading red on the sudden pavement.

Don Howard and I looked at each other and laughed. Our faces were a mask of the red clay. Nobody could have told which of us was the blond and which the brunet. We took deep draughts of the wine-rich Prince Edward Island air, spitting in from the ocean.

"Well," said Don, "we're here."

Yes, we were here. The thousands of miles between us and Ottawa, the sleeping in the hay-fields, the wild ride across to the Island from the mainland in a lobster boat when the regular car-ferry was not running, the trek across the endless miles of red clay that grew such grand potatoes and sprouted enduring hatreds, all these were behind. We had crossed over Jordan; we were in the Promised Land.

It *was* a Promised Land, in more ways than one. It was 1933, the worst year of the Hungry Thirties. Don and I had left Ottawa in search of a dream. That dream was Employment. In fact, we had left on a promise. A P.E.I. Member of Parliament had told me that, if I could get to Charlottetown, I could have the job of sports editor on his newspaper. I was young and believing, and I did not ask him for that promise in writing. Don and I had bought a motorcycle and begun our modern odyssey.

All that my brain could think was, "You're going to work! You're going to hold up your head again! You're going to eat regularly again! Glory be!"

We counted up our resources: thirty-eight cents, jointly owned, not much, but I could get an advance on my first pay cheque. Don would look around for a job first thing in the morning.

At a friendy service-station, we cleaned up in the tiny washroom. We had learnt that the wayfarer's best friend is the service station attendant. When I jubilantly told the first attendant why we were there, he looked at me quite queerly.

Spruce and refreshed, we went on our way. We were hungry, but hunger could wait until the question of when I should report for work was settled.

IN the cool and mellow dusk of that June night in a beautiful garden where hunger had no place and consideration of one's fellows was negligible, we learnt the answer. The M.P., whose salary we had helped to pay when we were employed, whom we believed because he was one of those who ruled and was, therefore, everything that was kind and good and generous, told us there was no job, that he had had a tiff with his partner that had prompted him to talk to me as he did and make the promises he had and that he was sorry. We were sorry, too. It had taken our last cent and our last courage to come to Charlottetown, and now we were marooned upon an island that was a desert to us. The cool garden stifled us, and we left.

News travels fast in Charlottetown. They knew what had happened before we arrived back at the service station, but they were young like us and they said nothing, for they knew there was no sympathy great enough to offer us.

It was nadir. It was finish. We did not say these things to each other, but we had no hope.

I remembered a piggy-bank I had tossed into the service-bag. When we got it open, it held sixty-three cents. We were very hungry. We ate fifty cents' worth, but we were still hungry. I have found that disappointment sharpens hunger.

There is something that leads us. I do not pretend to know what it is; I am not particularly religious, but I have had things turn up too often in crises not to wonder sometimes what watches, what sees, and what knows.

There was no particular reason for us to stop at this little café-store, except that it advertised lobster and sandwiches. We had enough for a sandwich apiece. There were other places like it along the street, more pretentious. Perhaps we wanted obscurity; perhaps there is a destiny. Anyway, we parked "Mary Ann" and went in.

As we came in, there had been conversation, and it died away instantly, as talk does when strangers come to a small town. There was curiosity in the silence, and more than that, a friendliness you could feel. It was so deep, our lonely hearts could almost taste it.

We ordered sandwiches. The proprietor, a hearty man with a smile as wide as his homespun face finally brought us huge plates of lobster, with all the trimmings. We gasped.

"I guess you didn't understand our order," Don said. "We haven't the money for this. We can just pay for sandwiches."

"It's on the house, boys," said the hearty man. "My name's Ed. Acorn."

We shook hands all around. The friendliness was now a warm wave, sweeping in fresh off the ocean and engulfing us and washing out the meanness and the bitterness in our hearts. The feast of lobster and of kindliness was too much. I turned my face away, because I do not like to cry in public.

WHEN we left, Ed. Acorn thrust a package of cigarettes into Don's hesitating hand.

"I know what it's like to be without a smoke," he said. "And I want you to promise something: don't go hungry. Come back here in the morning. How about sleeping?"

We said we had blankets, and did not mind sleeping in a field. He pressed us again to come back.

In the morning, I went around to the newspaper. The manager had a cheque waiting for me for ten dollars. I did not thank him for it. Our expenses had been many times that sum. But it would get us off the Island.

"We'll spend some of it at Ed. Acorn's," we decided. It was the least we could do.

Ed. Acorn's smile was even more luminous in the morning. He was not handsome, but to us he will always be beautiful. We said we had money, and ordered ham and eggs.

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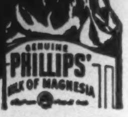

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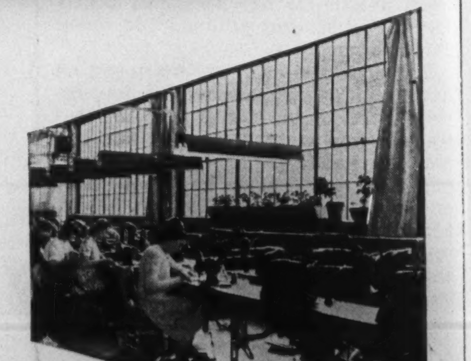

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boys," said Ed. Acorn, when we went to pay. "Put it away. Here!"

He handed each of us a package of cigarettes from his slender stock. We took them, knowing he would be hurt, if we refused.

"I hope you have a swell trip," he told us. "Just don't think too badly of us here on the Island."

Back at the service station, we told the attendants what had happened to make us happy and confident again.

"Funny thing about Ed. Acorn," said one attendant, "but he could be a rich man, I guess, only he's always doing things like that. He's rather looked down upon by the good people here, you know. He owns a racetrack. I've met a lot of fellows like yourselves that he's helped. Guess he doesn't want to be rich.

Oh, but he *was* rich! Why, even now, after fifteen years, I think he was the richest man I have ever known. Even after fifteen years, Don and I still talk of Ed. Acorn. He's dead, I understand, but I don't believe it. He must go marching on in a thousand hearts. He must have been in the hearts of men we never knew who flew over the hell of Berlin or watched the cold waves of the North Atlantic or plunged into the surf at Dieppe. He never "amounted to much" in his life, the "good people" shunned him, but Ed. Acorn was the best advertisement Charlottetown ever had.

Today, when I think of Charlottetown, I think of Ed. Acorn's smile. That's the nicest thing that ever happened to a city.

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Dogs and the Gallant Lady

By J. E. MIDDLETON

"SPEAKING of dogs—" said the Gallant Lady. We had been speaking of four pups and their mother, acquired as appanages of the new hired man who had a wife and three children in town. "Speaking of dogs brings me to the mail carrier who used to serve Rural Route 2. I'm sure he didn't steal dogs, but he collected them, housed them in a sort of way, fed them once a week or so, and then sold them to uncritical buyers. He was a bachelor and his native chivalry came to the surface every time he brought me my mail. I think he was depressed as he contemplated a lone, lorn woman—on a pasture-farm—everything going contrairey with her, like Mrs. Gummidge.

"On successive occasions he wanted to give me a dog, as a tribute of respect. But I wasn't having any, thank you. Then one morning he arrived in company with a brilliant suggestion; would I go partners with him in the dog business? He explained that most of the farmers seemed to have a surplus of dogs and were glad to get rid of them. 'I ain't never bought none,' he explained. 'I kinda make friends with 'em. Sometimes one will foller me all 'round the route. I lug it back home and the owner will say he never missed the mutt and why don't I keep him. So that's the way it goes; no trouble about supply. As for demand, some young feller in town may want a coon-dog, another is lookin' for a hound, or some kid wants a play-pup. I hardly ever get less than two dollars. Even a Pekinese with the mange brung a dollar—from the veterinary's missus.'"

Paintings by well-known artists are to decorate the walls of a chain of teashops throughout Britain. H.M. Queen Mary recently opened the first such display in London.

The Gallant Lady laughed; in a rich soprano tone that called to mind her Past—when she could sing "Hear Ye, Israel" from the *Elijah* in a way that would give you goose-pimples up and down your spine. "No," she said, "the dog-business didn't appeal to me; neither did the partner. He was always on the edge of trouble. His two-room shack on the edge of town was a depressing place, seen from the road. I can imagine what it was like inside when the constable went up there, on complaint of the neighbors, and found fifteen dogs, all hungry and all barking, with the owner asleep on his ragged cot; a bottle still convenient to his hand.

"For a month after this he delivered my letters without mentioning dogs. Then Peavey, my rheumatic hired man, told him that we needed a young collie. Next morning he brought one with him and I parted with two dollars. The original owner (I can't guess who) had given the pup some training and he earned his keep. Peavey, sitting on the trough by the windmill, would say 'Bring up the cattle, Jeff.' That was enough. Jeff would be off at full speed, a ball of brown hair bounding up and down all the half-mile to the west pasture. All Peavey would have to do would be to open the gate to the barn-yard and close it again when the last steer trotted through with Jeff close behind.

"And he developed into a wonderful watch-dog. He got so that he would bite almost anybody who came on the place. Four agents, the township assessor, two C.C.F. canvassers, were all nipped and seemed to be out of temper. He even snapped at the minister but missed; all he got was a piece of his trouser-leg. By a perfect bit of poetic justice he even bit the mail-carrier; not seriously, but enough to send that business-genius into a flurry of blue conversation.

"Oddly enough if Peavey said 'Down, Jeff!' he would be quiet as a lamb. Cattle-buyers, delivery men, the driver of the egg-truck, could come and go with impunity. But he would never calm down for me. He never recognized me as his owner. His whole loyalty went to Peavey, even though he looked to me for his meals and would allow me to comb his beautiful coat.

"Then came a day when I criticized Peavey with some vigor, as I had to from time to time. As usual he decided to leave, knowing that I couldn't get on without some kind of man about the place. I let him go, as I always do. But Jeff went too; something I hadn't counted on. For two days I went for the cattle myself, turned on the windmill and did the small chores that had been Peavey's portion. Then Peavey came back, but without Jeff. The dog seemed to like it in town, though occasionally he comes out even yet, as a visitor, to see Peavey and to find out if I have any meat-bones handy."

I suggested that one of the four new pups might be trained to round up the cattle. "Optimist!" said the Gallant Lady with withering emphasis.

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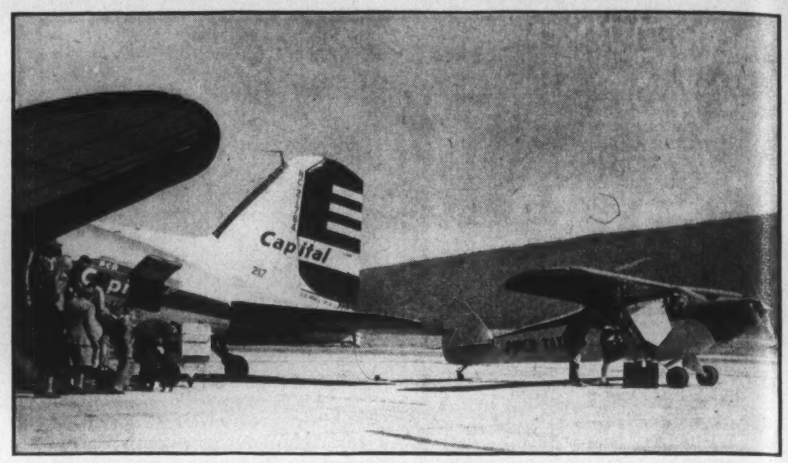
THE BUSINESS FRONT

South Africa's Prospects of Concern to Canada

By RODNEY Y. GREY

This second article on South Africa (first, S.N. Feb. 14) discusses the sources of wealth and the investment opportunities in South Africa. The organization of industry and the pattern of government ownership are indicated; the reasons for increased diversification and capital development are pointed out. In such development, British and Canadian investors are already playing an important part.



A nation-wide system of "taxicubs" is being set up at Lock Haven, Pa., to provide long and short-haul passenger service at six cents a mile.

CANADIAN or British business men, looking for overseas markets and overseas investment opportunities, are turning increasingly to South Africa. In a previous article it was pointed out that South Africa is emerging as a major producing area and trading nation. Uniquely suitable as an outlet for new investment, she will play a postwar role as a partner in Canadian and British overseas economic development. In this article the organization of South African resources in agriculture, mining, and labor will be outlined.

It is common knowledge that the basic industry in the Union has been gold mining, the basic export gold, and the prop of a high white standard of living the high world price of gold. What even South Africans are only now realizing is that despite some discoveries of new mines on the Rand, the country's gold is a wasting asset—that the commercial organization of the country cannot be oriented toward a solitary product. This creates a pressure for industrial diversification aggravated by the uneconomic use of land.

The basic geographic fact which the South African industrialist cannot ignore, and which colors the whole picture of investment opportunity, is the increasing poverty of the agricultural regions. The tropical soils of the interior plateau are poor in plant food and are easily pulverized and carried away by heavy rains. In order to support a heavy population on the land, the South Africans formulated a policy of agricultural protection in the mid-1920's, with the result that much land suitable only for cattle grazing has been turned over to wheat and maize production. This protection policy was also extended to the fruit-growing areas of Cape Province and the sugar-producing regions of the sub-tropical Natal coast. The result of this general mining of the soil has been a steady and substantial decrease in soil fertility.

Basically Artificial

South African agriculture is thus basically artificial; behind many of the pleas for diversification, behind the pleas for British and Canadian capital, lie the facts of declining agricultural production. The problem of the poor white, presently on the land, analogous to the condition of the Southern United States sharecropper, is one that South African governments and business men are being forced to solve.

In attempts to improve the land-use system, extensive irrigation projects have been undertaken, involving the construction of large dams to hold back the run-off of the rainy periods. Many of these dams are also used for electric power production, but the bulk of the hydro power comes from installations in the coastal regions where small streams fall quickly from the inland plateau to the low coastwise plain. However, a large portion of electric power comes from steam generating plants, frequently using equipment built in England, and fueled by cheap Natal coal.

The extension of industry must in large part depend on the possibility of constructing new dams and new steam plants. The current shortage of generating plant faces both the British and the South Africans. However, in some regions of South Africa power is cheap—for instance in the Natal coast area where the Ladysmith - Durban railway line, carrying a great volume of bulk freight to and from the Transvaal, has been electrified.

All these power developments are administered by the Electricity Supply Commission, similar to the H.E.P.C. of Ontario; it is generally conceded that it has done a competent job of administration. The Canadian or English manufacturer, interested in setting up a branch plant, will be concerned with power costs and with the quantities of power available, which are not unlimited.

Control of Railways

The pattern of state control of enterprise, exemplified in the Electricity Supply Commission, is followed in the control of railways and harbors by another Commission. The government early assumed control of the railways because of the inadequacy of private capital sources. In order to provide cheap rail service to sparsely populated sections, a discriminating rate structure has been evolved, which has been a source of constant complaint by major producing regions like the Rand. Neither the state control of power nor the state control of railways has been uncommon in areas of British overseas capitalization — witness the recent purchase of the Rhodesian Railways by the government of Southern Rhodesia, and the pattern followed here in Canada—but what is probably unique is the operation of the South African Iron and Steel Corporation, familiarly known as ISCOR.

The first attempts to diversify South African industry occurred after the First World War. Development of the substantial local coal and iron ore deposits was undertaken, but private companies, rather poorly financed, could not compete with the major world producers in the South African market. The government acquired a major share in the industry and established ISCOR. The first large steel plant began production in 1934 in Pretoria, in the Transvaal, and by 1939 about one-third of the Union's steel demands were being locally provided.

During the Second World War, the industry underwent considerable expansion, in order to fill the gap left by the suspension of imports from Europe and America, and to satisfy the demand for steel by the armed forces—to build light naval vessels and the famous Springbok armored cars, as well as small arms and bombs. Since 1937 the Corporation has enjoyed what amounts to discrimination against foreign producers, in that government price-fixing operates in favor of the domestic industry.

Isolated Example

This discriminatory power is however an isolated example; the general picture has been free trade except in agricultural products. South African tariffs, such as they are, exist mainly for revenue purposes or to give preference to Commonwealth countries.

Thus the tariff on cooking stoves is 5 per cent lower for Commonwealth countries than it is for other outside producers. On a wide range of parts for domestic appliances, for farm machinery and factory equipment, there has been complete tariff exemption, and there has been no impediment to the inflow of raw materials designed to be included in manufactured products. This negligible tariff barrier has been determined by the lack of secondary industries; in such a case tariffs on imports would represent a fall in the standard of living.

The group whose standard of living has been the prime concern of governments, parties and politicians, has heretofore been the white workers, whether poor whites on the backveldt, shop workers in the cities, or Rand miners. They have formed a militant white labor party, agitating for the exclusion of low-wage colored labor from even unskilled jobs, and a high wage for white workers. All but the most extreme members of this group are coming to realize that the only solution to their problem is increased industrial activity.

This increase in industrial strength, begun under the pressure of war, involves great capital expansion. According to Ottawa's Trade and Commerce Minister MacKinnon, recently a visitor to the Union, it is to Britain and Canada that South Africans look for the bulk of this capital. This widening of capital creation in the Union will take various forms; perhaps the most important is the establishment of branch factories by British and Canadian concerns.

Narrow Range

Only a narrow range of appliances and machinery are presently made in the Union. One of the few large factories producing consumer goods is the Ford assembly plant at Port Elizabeth, which assembles Ford cars made in Canada. The South Africans want not only an extension of the number of such plants but also an increase in the number of factories which involve a complete manufacturing process, or more nearly complete. It is to be expected that many such plants would follow the familiar Canadian design: the subsidiary of an American company, doing the bulk of manufacturing here, but importing some parts from its parent concern. The present South African tariff structure imposes no charge on the entry of such parts from other countries in the Commonwealth.

As pointed out in the first of these three articles (S.N. Feb. 14), there are a variety of reasons for economic diversification in the Union — the wasting of the gold stock, the depletion of land resources, rising native unrest, and a national consciousness born of the war. These are basic factors impelling governmental and financial action; coupled with Britain's need for capital expansion overseas and Canadian interest in achieving a high level of world trade, they indicate that South Africa is to become a major area of capital development.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Puzzle for the Planners

By P. M. RICHARDS

THE commodity price break, obviously, creates a dilemma for economic policy planners. Should they plan against inflation or deflation? Is the commodity downturn no more than an interruption of the world-wide inflationary spiral that has lately brought cries of alarm from heads of governments as well as housewives and wage earners, or is it a trumpeted proclamation that the peak of inflation is past, that the whole economy is now trending downward and that the efforts of planners should now be directed toward bolstering production, employment and even prices, rather than to mitigating the unbalancing effects of a too-rapid and too-far advance?

The supporters of economic planning believe that governments have it in their power to lessen substantially the extent of the swings between boom and depression, if not virtually to stabilize the economy, by means of governmental manipulation of credit and public works programs, the influencing if not the control of private production and trade policies, and by large scale buying and selling of commodities.

On the principle that a head cold is much more easily checked at its inception than later, the effectiveness of such planning would presumably depend largely on whether action was taken at or close to the beginning of the new trend. But how is the existence of the new trend to be determined? It would appear likely to involve at least some amount of guessing. And guessing, on those high levels, can be very costly, as so many war and postwar events have shown.

Perhaps Fuel on Inflation Fire

This is a matter of more than academic interest. Under conditions like today's, government policy-makers might reasonably feel that economic pressures compelled them to make up their minds quickly, and they might do so wrongly. The consequences could be disastrous. If they decided the time had come to throw an anti-deflation program into action when the real trend was toward more inflation, they would be heaping fuel on the inflation fire. To implement the deflationary program when the real course of events was downward might land the economy in a position from which the 1930's would look like prosperity. Furthermore, it would probably not be easy to make such decisions objectively. So many persons, groups and corporations would expect to benefit from government spending in an anti-deflation program that there would tend to be strong pressure for its adoption. Vote-seeking politicians would be for it.

This column is not against all governmental economic planning; the international trade and monetary conditions of today seem clearly to require some governmental policy-making and even direction of private enterprise. But it is against planning too much, and especially against putting stimulatory or restrictive plans into operation on insufficient grounds. The great difficulty in government planning is to avoid going too far; one thing always leads to another, as the late President Roosevelt found in connection with his New Deal and the British Labor government is finding now.

Planners' Errors Are Big Ones

The world-wide trend today is toward more governmental control of national economies, even in the countries where democratic and capitalistic principles seem most firmly established. From the longer-term viewpoint it is a thoroughly dangerous trend, imperilling not only the freedom of individuals but the security of national economies. Economic control helps a government to perpetuate itself in office. That may not seem important now, but it might be in the future. Then too, a government can make mistakes, just as individuals can. But while those of individuals frequently offset each other, a government's economic errors tend to be big ones, with perhaps dire consequences for the country.

The world's economy has probably never been so upset as it is now. The damage done by the First World War was evidenced continually in the period between the wars, and the Second War, coming before that damage had been repaired, caused chaos. Under these conditions it's particularly easy to commit economic errors now. And governments are committing them, though often deliberately. For example, the factor which, more than any other, is preventing the restoration of a satisfactory volume of production and trade in Europe is the arbitrary over-valuation of national currencies.

If governments permitted their currencies to find their economic levels in relation to other currencies, a sound basis for trade would be restored, but those governments are afraid to face the immediate consequences such as the higher prices they would have to pay for necessary imports from the United States and Canada. This is only one factor making economic trouble. There are a thousand others, and it is easy to appraise them wrongly. In short, it's a difficult time for planners.

Decline in Commodity Prices Had to Come

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

In this article, written immediately before the sudden break in commodity prices, Mr. Marston outlines his reasons for thinking that a price break was close ahead, and indicates that there is ground for believing that the downward movement is not yet complete.

London.

WITH world inflation still gathering momentum and some action under the Marshall Plan presumably pending, it may seem a rather forlorn query whether the levels recently attained by commodity prices can be maintained.

But some people believe they see reasons for doubting it in several situations, in grain particularly; and grains are the most important single element in world commodities, capable of affecting others psychologically and even—if lower grain prices indicate more plentiful food—by an increase in material production due to better nourishment.

Only one major commodity, rubber, has become more plentiful, and cheaper, in the past year or so; also one or two minor ones, such as mercury. In general, while the demand for primary products is of unprecedented volume, supplies are not coming forward normally, because the physical ravages and general dislocation of the war have not everywhere been made good.

But efforts to reconstruct and develop, stimulated by high prices, are having their effect. Even oil, in which something like a famine is threatened for 1948, is likely to be in a much easier condition when such developments as the pipeline from Arabia to the Mediterranean are completed—the pipeline should be in use in about a year's time.

Wheat and oil are in curious contrast. While the soil of nature has grown grain ever since man learned to till, the fear is expressed by high authorities that production will have difficulty in keeping pace with the growth of the world's population. Oil, on the other hand, is an expendable commodity: as consumed it is not replaced. Yet some authorities, leaving aside the inadequacy of tanker tonnage and other problems of distribution, see ample supplies, at something like the present rate of consumption, for one or two hundred years.

On the longer view the food position is not very promising. At the regional conference on food production in Cairo Sir John Boyd Orr, the Director General of U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization, pointed out that the world's population had increased by more than 100 million since the beginning of the war; and he said that in the next 25 years the world would have to double its production of food if all peoples were to be adequately fed.

Short-Term Factors

But for the commodity markets the short-term factors are of more importance. Most obvious are the good wheat harvests, recent and prospective, in various big producing areas. The Soviet Union, Australia and Argentina have had bumper crops, and the exportable surplus of North America is much larger at present prices than seemed likely, because it is no longer profitable to feed large quantities of grain to livestock.

Another factor is the recovery of rice production. This commodity figures less prominently than wheat in the world markets, but it is of great importance, for nearly half of the world's population eats rice rather than wheat, and the normal annual crop, around 100 million tons, is not much smaller than the world wheat crop. The 1947-48 rice crop is estimated to be very near the prewar average, and the pressure for wheat in the areas which normally consume rice should be appreciably relieved.

For a time last year grain prices were very sensitive, and there is little doubt that anything like abundance in the markets would reverse the present bullish trend. With the Chicago wheat price in the neighborhood of $3.00 a bushel, not many people have been able to take seriously the proposal by the British representative at the International Wheat Conference recently that the price should be fixed at $2.00 a bushel for the next five years, but it may be that the idea was more realistic than it appeared.

The world's need for steel, for reconstruction and development, is enormous, and it would need a widespread industrial setback to bring steel prices down. Nor are consumers of the non-ferrous base metals confident that the rise in values is ended; yet everyone in the metal business seems to be fully aware that a setback will come, before very long, and that it will be severe. Producers may complain that they are still not receiving enough to sustain maximum output, but the fact remains that output has materially increased, and that, currency difficulties apart, the period of acute shortage is apparently ending.

A shortage of cotton is a possibility, but wool, despite its sensational rise, can hardly be considered scarce. Some types of hides will be in short supply for a long while; and there is little hope of an adequacy of jute for the world's sacks, or of paper as a substitute. But over the commodity range as a whole the position is such that only very heavy buying can keep values up to their present levels.

Two New Elements

There are two new elements in the world commodity position: the Marshall Plan, and strategic stockpiling by the U.S. government. From this point of view, the importance of the Marshall Plan lies in the fact that without it Europe—still the largest importer of materials—would be unable to maintain its purchasing. The demand for America's strategic reserve concentrates, of course, on just those commodities which are most needed for current industrial production all over the world.

It is therefore particularly unfortunate that such purchasing is considered to be necessary when demand on normal trading account is abnormally large. Could governmental purchasing be done in times of industrial recession (either as a war reserve or as part of a coordinated commercial policy at governmental level) it would have a valuable stabilizing effect on world trade; at present it can only be a disturbing influence.

Much of the rise in prices attributable to the Marshall Plan has already occurred in advance of the actual operation of the Plan, but if aid to Europe on a substantial scale is eventually sanctioned there will presumably be further advances. Stockpiling is an imponderable factor. It is also bound up with the Marshall Plan, insofar as freer access to raw materials is one of the recompenses which, so its sponsors hope, will accrue from the Plan.

It is doubtful if these factors can do more than delay the downturn of prices; certainly, any signs of an industrial recession in the United States would be much more potent in reversing the trend than these special stimulants are in maintaining it.

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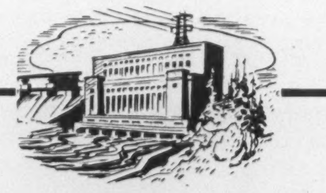

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34

NEWS OF THE MINES

Kirkland Lake Gold's West Zone Develops in Gratifying Way

By JOHN M. GRANT

THE improved grade of ore mined in 1947 by Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Company, 29-year old producer, substantially increased production and earnings per share over the previous 12 months, in fact, were the best since 1941, despite higher costs, dollar parity and the manpower shortage. Net profits after all charges were $364,417, equal to 6.84 cents per share, as against $94,388 or 1.77 cents per share in the preceding year, and $549,659, or 10.32 cents per share in 1941. Production value last year was $1,613,857 as compared with $1,094,836 in 1946. During the period 91,172 tons of ore were milled, just about the same amount as in the previous year, but production was up 48% due to the recovery per ton having jumped to $17.70 from $11.97. Back in 1939 the recovery per ton was $17.42. The company's financial position also strengthened, net working capital standing at $707,833 at the end of the year, as compared with $510,157 at the close of 1946. In 1946 cost of operation, including taxes and depreciation, rose $97,084 above that of 1945, and last year the cost rose an additional $239,708 though the tonnage for the year dropped 272 tons. Of this latter amount $83,582 was accounted for by the increase in taxes due to mining higher grade ore.

•

Favorable results, particularly on the western half of the property, are being met with by Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Co., and the sharp increase in grade of ore handled is the gratifying result of the development program commenced in 1941, in the drive to the west on the 54th level. Much work had to be done to prepare this ore zone for production, the benefit of which began to be reflected in production toward the end of 1946. In 1947 new ore developed totalled 2,435 feet averaging 3.5 feet in width and having a cut grade of 1.05 oz. ($36.75 per ton), according to the company's annual report. The footage of ore opened was 72.3% of the total drifting for the year, and the greatest length was developed on the 53rd horizon, being 1,845 feet averaging $38.50 across 3.7 feet. This with the ore developed in 1946 makes a length of 2,233 feet on the level in the ore zone which extends

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Maintain Cash Reserves

BY HARUSPEX

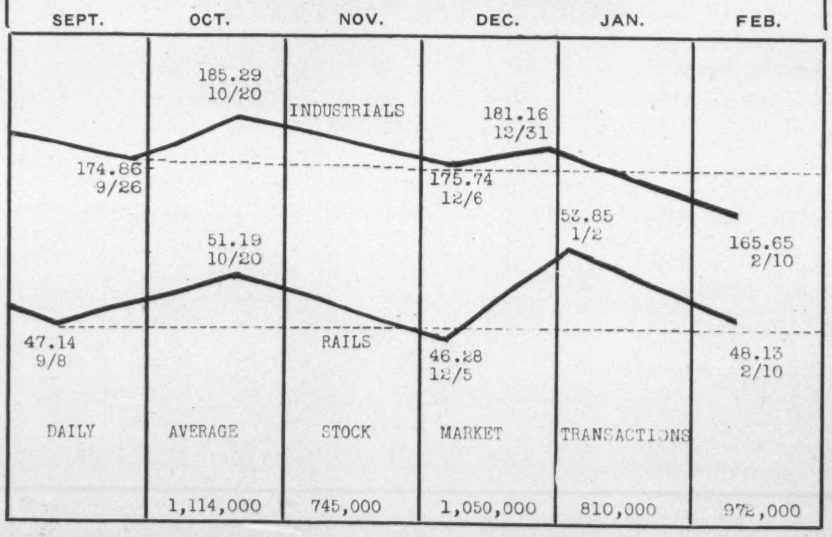
THE LONG-TERM N.Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: While the decline of 1946-7 went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental market turnabout has yet been reached. Intermediate trend of the market is downward with testing of the major 1946/7 support points now in progress.

Stock market decline was accelerated last week with volume mounting somewhat. This weakness has taken the rail average under its critical minor support point of late January thereby confirming, along with earlier weakness by the industrials, the intermediate trend as downward.

With the industrial average now in the 165/163 area alluded to herein over recent weeks, some attempt at market rally would be normal. This is the support area where the market was turned in 1946 and again in 1947 and some buying will naturally come in at this point. If this buying is not heavy enough to turn the market for a minor rally, the next point for rally would be in the 155/160 area, with prospects more favorable.

Falling farm prices, considered over the two years ahead, are a bullish development as such will narrow the present wide disparity between what consumers are paying for foods as against other goods. For the short term, however, this price weakness creates problems and cannot be said to be immediately bullish. We would continue following a cautious course, with cash or buying reserves ample and stock transactions aimed, not at increasing positions but, rather, at grading up the quality, yield and longer-term potentialities of retained holdings.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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CANADIAN PACIFIC
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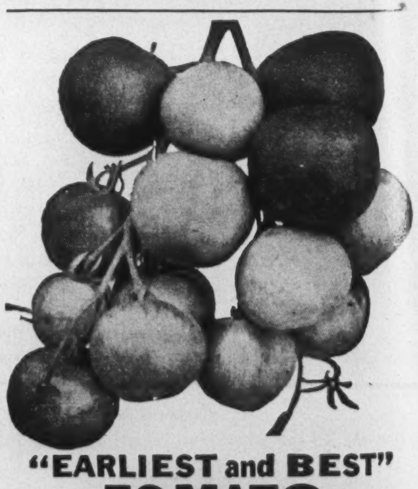
Dividend Notice

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Canadian Pacific Railway Company held today a final dividend of three per cent (seventy-five cents per share) on the Ordinary Capital Stock in respect of, and out of earnings for the year 1947 was declared payable in Canadian funds on March 31, 1948, to shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on Friday February 23, 1948.

The Directors consider it desirable to point out that this dividend of three per cent making a total dividend payment of five per cent in respect of operations for the year 1947 is made possible only by income from sources other than railway operations. Continued increases in gross earnings from freight traffic had been largely offset by decreases in passenger traffic and by increases in wages and the cost of materials and supplies.

By order of the Board.
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 9, 1948.



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southwestward from about the middle of the property towards its western boundaries. Development has also begun with satisfactory results on the 50th and 52nd levels, but the 51st yet remains to be opened. Proven ore reserves are estimated at 331,540 tons, having a total value of $5,412,327, an increase of $873,519. Reserves are equal to better than three years at the 1947 milling rate, and Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, president, states the estimate is conservative. Up to the end of 1947 Kirkland Lake Gold total production was $22,897,928 from 1,875,392 tons of ore.

•

A dividend of seven cents per share has been declared by San Antonio Gold Mines—largest producer of the yellow metal in Manitoba—payable April 15 to shareholders of record March 15. In 1947 two payments of like amount were distributed, while in the previous year 17 cents per share was paid. The April payment will call for distribution of $167,511.

•

Another producer for the eastern section of the Kirkland Lake area is expected early in 1949. Queenston Gold Mines, adjoining Upper Canada Mines, which holds operating control, has been carrying out an aggressive development program, and R. R. Brown, president, states plans are being prepared for mill construction and an initial capacity of 500 tons daily is contemplated. Sinking of the new production shaft, on the north contact in close proximity to the No. 2 shaft, has reached a depth of 400 feet on the way to its objective at depth of 1,000 feet, and levels have been established at 250 and 400 feet. When the shaft has reached the 600-foot elevation a crosscut is to be run out at this depth before carrying the shaft to 1,000 feet. The main orebody adjacent to the No. 2 shaft showed widths ranging up to and exceeding 80 feet. An ample supply of labor is reported available and the power situation is said to be satisfactory.

•

Just as producing mines in northeastern Ontario were hoping to profit from the increased labor supply they ran into a shortage of power. A reduction of 15% in power consumption, which became effective February 1, was ordered by the Ontario Hydro. The blow is a temporary one and entirely due to a shortage of water and not because of generating capacity. The power shortage is not likely to last more than two to two and a half months, although an unseasonal thaw any time now could bring relief.

•

Litigation underway for a long time between Bear Exploration and Radium Ltd., and Yellowknife Gold Mines has ended, and the agreement reached provides for the merger of the assets of both companies. Approval of shareholders has yet to be secured. Bear Yellowknife Consolidated Ltd., will be the name of the new company and it will have an authorized capitalization of 5,000,000 shares, of which 4,814,036 are to be issued. Shareholders of Yellowknife Gold will receive 2,063 shares in the new company for each 1,000 shares now held, while shareholders of Bear will be allotted 600 shares in the new company for each 1,000 shares of the latter stock now held. No changes are anticipated at the present time in the field staffs of either company. Most important holding at the moment in the new company's treasury will be 1,141,266 shares of Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines.

•

Dr. W. S. Savage has been appointed Resident Geologist on the permanent staff of the Geological Branch of the Ontario Department of Mines, with headquarters at Swastika. Dr. Savage's territory includes the Kirkland-Larder, Matachewan and Midlothian areas. Hon. L. M. Frost, Minister of Mines, explains that the duties of a Resident Geologist consisted, among other things, of collecting and correlating available geological information as well as the compiling of data on exploration and development. It is also his duty to advise prospectors.

•

If no hard luck intervenes, Starratt Olsen Gold Mines should provide the Red Lake camp with another producer next fall. Good progress is reported in construction of the 500-ton mill. Mill equipment, headframe and other parts of the Uchi plant have to be transported to Red Lake before the break-up and it is hoped to have this big freighting job pushed as rapidly as possible to beat the spring thaws. The mine is being readied underground for production and it is estimated there is 448,000 tons with a cut grade of 0.197 oz. ($6.89) or 0.303 oz. uncut

(Continued on Page 39)

The Stock Analyst

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

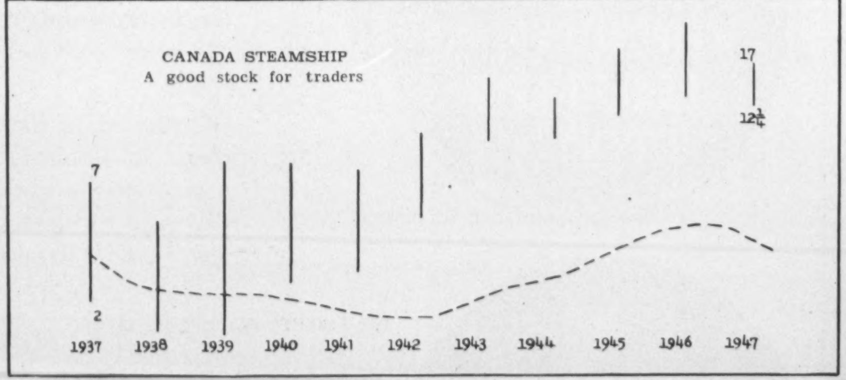
1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LIMITED

			Averages		Can. Steamship	
PRICE 31 Jan. 47	$14.00					
YIELD	7.1%	Last 1 month	Down	1.5%	Down	3.4%
INVESTMENT INDEX	73	Last 12 months	Down	4.9%	Down	8.2%
GROUP	"C"	1942-46 range	Up	160.0%	Up	360.0%
RATING	Below Average	1946-47 range	Down	23.1%	Down	45.6%



SUMMARY:—Canada Steamship sold down to one dollar in 1939 and up to 23 in 1946. From its peak in the latter year to its low in 1947 there was a decline of 45%. These wide price swings, together with a moderately low Investment Index, entitle it to a rating a little below average as an **Investment.**

Stocks of this calibre are, however, well suited to the speculative **trader** who needs an equity that will move considerably more than the average stock. Any Dow Theorist will tell you that there has been no clear cut market pattern for many months past. As and when a bull market is again signalled, stocks in the class of Canada Steamship will offer attractive trading opportunities.

Certificate of Registry No. C. 1114 authorising Continental Insurance Company to transact in Canada the business of Life Insurance, Personal Accident Insurance and Sickness Insurance upon the condition that the words incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, U.S.A. will be used in conspicuous relation to the name "Continental Assurance Company" wherever it appears in the company's contracts, application forms, advertisements or other published material.

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Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1948, payable 15th April, 1948, to shareholders of record 15th March, 1948.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 11th, 1948.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of Fifteen cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending 31st March, 1948, and an extra dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share have been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, payable 1st April, 1948, to shareholders of record 18th March, 1948.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 11th, 1948.

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Pros and Cons
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To enable Canadian businessmen to obtain a clearer picture of the issues at stake as arguments and counter-arguments are reported in the press, we have reprinted an excellent summary of the pros and cons of the "St. Lawrence Waterway" project.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

More Voluntary Disability Cover or Compulsory Insurance?

By GEORGE GILBERT

It is the contention of many believers in the private enterprise competitive system that attempts to reach the goal of social security by compulsory measures such as national health insurance will only end in failure and in a lower standard of living for everybody.

It is their view that the government should confine its activities to the provision of medical care for those unable to provide it for themselves, and that the rest of the population should not be subjected to this form of compulsion but should be allowed to make such provision as best meets their particular needs.

THERE is strong opposition among people in general and business men in particular to any addition to the burden of taxation they are now carrying, and so they object to the imposition of more taxes for the purpose of establishing compulsory government health insurance in this country. It is widely held that the government should confine its activities to the provision of medical care in the case of those individuals who are not in a position to make such provision for themselves, and that the rest of the population should not be subjected to this form of regimentation.

Besides, those familiar with the way in which governments administer their affairs know that no government can carry on an insurance undertaking as efficiently or at as low cost to the public in the long run as those who are engaged in it as a private competitive enterprise. Any temporary saving in cost which might be shown could only be effected by loading part or all of the expenses on the general taxpayers. There is much opposition, too, to the setting up at this time of another army of government officials, on top of the far too large existing one, which would be required to operate a compulsory health insurance scheme.

Although in theory government life, fire, accident and sickness insurance may look like a boon to humanity, supplying the service at cost, in practice it does not work out that way. Yet there are some people engaged in various forms of private enterprise who advocate the setting up of municipal, provincial or federal government insurance schemes, but who would raise their hands in horror at the mere suggestion that any government should take over the particular business in which they are engaged with the object of effecting a saving in costs to the public.

More Costly in Long Run

Most of these people are thoroughly convinced that no government, federal, provincial or municipal, could carry on their particular business as efficiently or as economically in the long run as they themselves are able to operate it, and that any apparent saving which might be shown at the outset could only be effected by loading part of the cost on the general taxpayers. Yet, strange to say, they evidently do not take the same view with regard to the government going into the insurance business, though a government is no better equipped to carry on an insurance undertaking efficiently or economically than it is to operate any other commercial undertaking.

If business men and the public generally fully grasp this elementary truth, there would be little or no demand for government intervention in the insurance business or in any other business in which there is plenty of competition and no monopoly, and in which the people are protected against loss of their money by the public safeguards which surround the operations of the business.

Sometimes the claim is made that while there is competition between companies and companies and between agents and agents for business, there is virtually no competition as to insurance rates. But it is well known by those who take out insurance policies that there is lots of competition in all branches of insurance both as to rates and coverage between tariff and non-tariff companies, between stock and mutual insurers, reciprocals and Lloyd's underwriters.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if there is any other business in which the competition as to rates and service is keener and is operating all the time to provide broader and broader coverage at lower and lower rates. So long as insurance is maintained as a private competitive enterprise, this trend will continue, and the public will reap the benefit. It will come to an end in any branch of the business only if that branch is taken over and operated as a government monopoly, when, the incentive of competition being removed, the public will have to be satisfied with whatever type of cover and service the government bureaucrats see fit to provide.

At the present juncture what is needed is a wider dissemination of information about the merits of the private competitive system of insurance and its advantages over any type of monopolistic system established by a federal, provincial or municipal government. Public enlightenment is needed on the history of the various government insurance schemes which have been put into effect in this country and elsewhere as a substitute for insurance by private institutions.

Cover Already Available

With respect to accident and health insurance, there is already available to the average citizen through the medium of private insurers and fraternal societies a broader form of protection at rates within his means than any government could possibly offer. This form of protection does not involve any drain on the general taxpayers to maintain the thousands of additional government employees who would have to be hired to operate a system of compulsory government health insurance.

In recent years there has been a rapid growth of voluntary plans for providing protection against the financial loss caused by accident and sickness. Commercial accident and health policies have been liberalized. group policies for employees furnish increased protection, Blue Cross hospitalization plans have been made available over a wide area, prepaid medical care and other voluntary plans have been extended, so that non-compulsory protection is now available to the great bulk of the people at rates they can afford to pay.

With these voluntary plans available and within the capacity of the great majority of salary and wage earners to pay for, there is little or no necessity to call on the government to do for most citizens what they can do for themselves. With further development these voluntary plans can be made more all-inclusive, and such development should be encouraged rather than stifled by government intervention in the business at heavy cost to the general taxpayers.

There is no doubt that every effort

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hould be made on the part of those ngaged in this branch of the insurnce business to increase the volume f accident and health insurance in orce throughout the whole of Canada, so that this form of voluntary over will be taken advantage of to uch an extent that there will be no ood reason for the government setting up any compulsory health insurnce scheme.

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Insurance Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you tell me when and where the North American Reassurance Company was incorporated and how long it has been operating in this country? I would like to know whether it is regularly licensed in this country and whether it has a Government deposit here. I understand it only does reinsurance and writes no direct business. How much business does it do in this country and what are its assets and liabilities in Canada?

G.H.J., Hamilton, Ont.

North American Reassurance Company was organized and incorporated in 1923 under the insurance laws of New York State, and has been doing business in Canada since 1938 under Dominion registry. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyholders. The business of this company is limited to the reinsurance of the risks of other companies. Latest published Government figures show that its total assets in Canada at the end of 1946 were $401,602, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $170,696, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $230,906. Its total income in Canada in 1946 was $44,076, while its total disbursements in this country amounted to $85,189. Its new business in this country in 1946 consisted of 132 life policies for a gross amount of $569,200 and a net amount of $559,200. At the end of 1946 it had 340 life policies in force in Canada for a net amount of $1,384,700.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

I am informed that the ratio of fire insurance losses to fire insurance premiums varies considerably in the different provinces. Can you tell me what the average claims ratio has been over a period of years for the whole of Canada, and how this compares with the average ratio in the several provinces?

—L.B.F., Winnipeg, Man.

According to latest published Government figures, the average ratio of fire insurance losses to fire insurance premiums of Dominion registered companies for the five-year period 1942 to 1946 inclusive for the whole of Canada was 49.86 per cent. The average loss ratios during the same period in the various provinces were as follows: Alberta, 45.72 per cent; British Columbia, 38.28 per cent; Manitoba, 40.85 per cent; New Brunswick, 46.28 per cent; Nova Scotia, 6.54 per cent; Ontario, 50.04 per cent; Prince Edward Island, 76.22 per cent; Quebec, 60.08 per cent; Saskatchewan, 31.53 per cent; all other Canada, 48.11 per cent.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 37)

$11.60) down to the 1,050-foot level. This does not include the 20,000 tons f 0.286 oz. grade ($10.01) in the original discovery zone. Deepening of he shaft has recently commenced nd at the end of January was over 20 feet below the 800-foot (bottom) evel. This level is the best in the mine for both ore lengths and grade.

•

New financing has been arranged y Bevcourt Gold Mines, Louvicourt ownship, northwestern Quebec, assuring sufficient funds, officials beeve, to carry operations to the point where mill plans can be made. A lock of 400,000 shares has been sold nder firm commitment at 50 cents share to net the treasury $200,000. n option has also been granted on 00,000 shares at 75 cents. Development work on levels now being explored is reported continuing to add to ore resources. Crosscutting is underway on three new levels at 800, 900 and 1,000-foot depths.

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A dividend of 1½ cents per share has been declared by Sylvanite Gold Mines, payable April 1 to shareholders of record February 14. This is a reduction from the previous rate of two cents quarterly and the reduction is officially reported due to lower earnings for 1947, which are estimated at six cents per share. Last year nine cents per share was distributed to shareholders.

•

Shares of Quebec-Labrador Development Company have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company has a concession of approximately 1,000 square miles in New Quebec, lying within the "Labrador Trough", the same geological structure in which Hollinger North Shore and Labrador Mining and Exploration have developed major tonnages of high grade iron ore. Plans are already being perfected for the despatch of a sizable prospecting and geological party into the concession.

•

A deep drill hole from the 1,775-foot level (13th) at Negus Mines, Yellowknife gold producer, has cut the Campbell zone at its greatest depth yet, about 400 vertically below the level, or almost 2,200 feet from surface. Negus officials believe that development of the Campbell new east zone may mean a lot to the company in that it proves ore in a structure that represents the faulted downward continuation of the southern end of the Giant Yellowknife shear zone. The best sections in this new hole ran $16.60 across five feet, followed by two feet of $21.17 deeper down. Slashing and drifting to open up the new ore intersections from the 1,775-foot horizon is proceeding.

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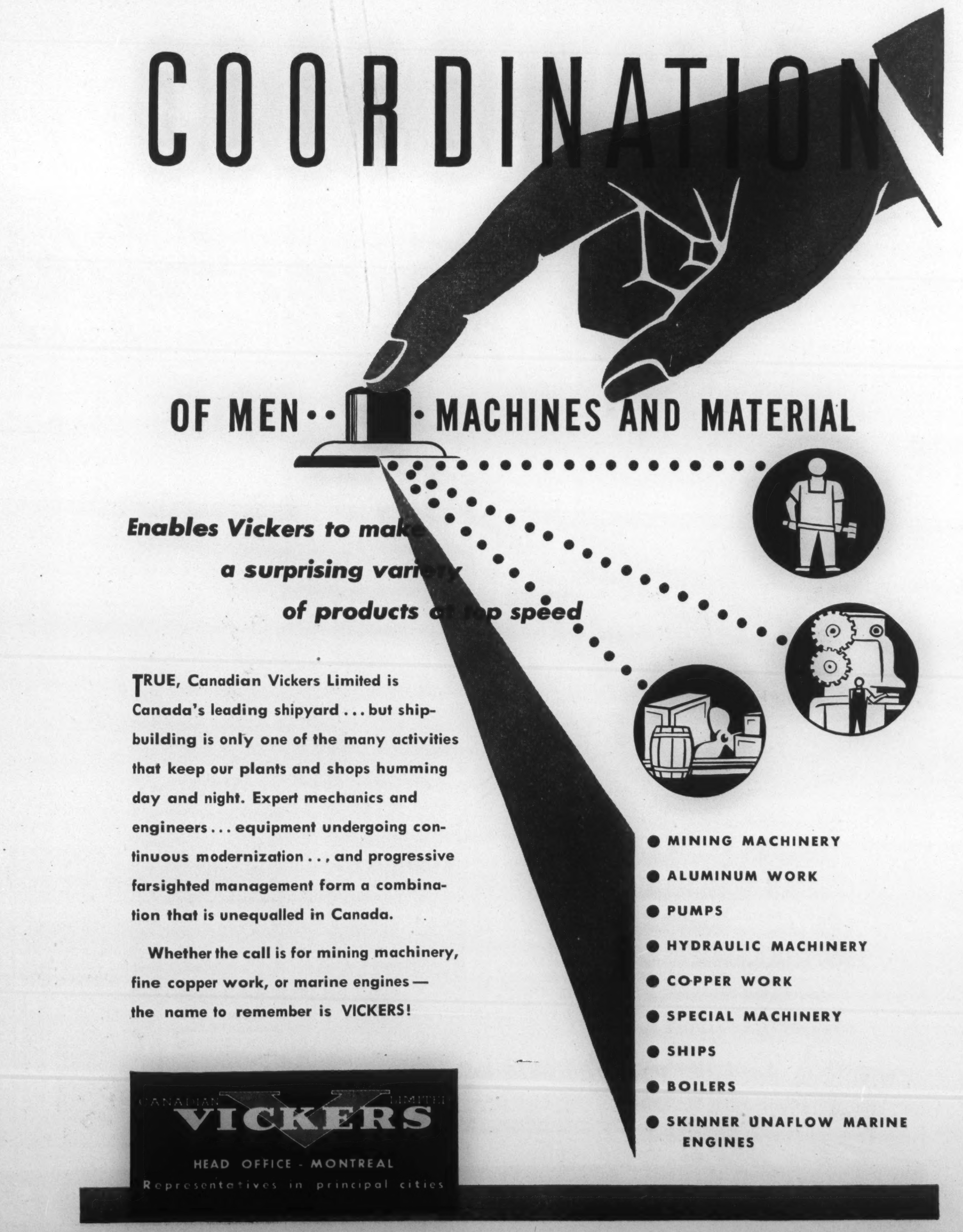

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Company Reports

Excelsior Life

HIGHLIGHTS of the 58th annual report of the Excelsior Life Insurance Company are: insurance in force, $210,453,373; new insurance in 1947, $29,679,004; disbursements to policyholders, $2,338,306; income for the year, $7,671,072; total assets, $41,867,432.

Of total income $5,710,471. represented net premium income on policies both new and renewal. Of disbursements to policyholders and other beneficiaries, $939,727 went to beneficiaries in death claims, while the remaining $1,398,579 was paid to living policyholders in various benefits, which included $294,749 in policy dividends and $613,350 in annuities, surrender values and other policy payments.

During the year, the policy reserves on account of contract now in force were increased by $3,100,621 and now stand at $36,327,921.

Of the assets at Dec. 31, bonds and debentures made up 82.69 per cent; loans on company's policies, 5.72 per cent; preferred and common stocks, 5.76 per cent, and first mortgages on improved real estate, 4.07 per cent. Rate of interest earned on investments during 1947 averaged 3.78 per cent.

Royal Trust

GROSS earnings of the Royal Trust Co. in 1947 amounted to the record sum of $3,737,000, an increase of $285,000. Expenses before taxes exceeded, for the first time, the three million dollar mark at $3,009,000, up $291,000 from the previous year. The increase in expenses exceeded by $6,000 the increase in earnings. The profit and loss account shows this decline in gross profit, at $728,000, but as taxes were down $18,000 at $276,000, the net profit of $452,000 showed an improvement of $12,000.

Dominion Life

THE 59th annual report of the Dominion Life Assurance Company shows insurance in force at $332,000,000, up by $26,500,000 from the figure at December 31, 1946; new business in 1947, $48,600,000, up by $3,400,000; total assets, $78,400,000, up by $5,600,000; policy payments in 1947, $4,600,000, up by $200,000; policy reserves, $63,000,000, up by $3,100,000.

President Ford S. Kumpf said at the annual meeting that "Policy funds left on deposit increased almost $1,000,000 and now represent over 12 per cent of the company's liabilities. This is a new high mark, showing that policy-owners are experiencing difficulty in finding satisfactory personal investment outlets. Mortality experience was the most favorable ever experienced by the company.

"One of the most serious problems facing the life insurance industry is the further decline in the rate of interest earned on invested assets."

ART CLASSES
for beginners', children and adults, are being formed now. These classes to be held in the evenings and on weekends. Phone Mrs. Worthington RA. 8921 Evenings KI. 5725.

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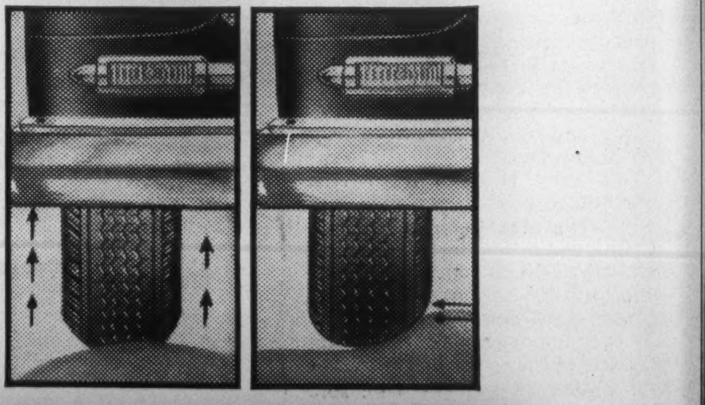
PLYMOUTH SAFETY-RIM WHEELS AND SUPER CUSHION TIRES AT NO EXTRA COST . . .

SINCE 1941, Plymouth owners have enjoyed the *extra* safety provided by Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels. Now, with the new Super Cushion tires as STANDARD equipment on all models, Plymouth brings you still greater safety.

With Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels it is almost impossible for a tire to twist or pull off the rim in the event of a blowout. Super Cushion tires with 26% more air volume at only 24 pounds *maximum* pressure provide a "softer" air and cooler running which lessens the chances of a blowout. The combination of these new tires with Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels will raise the present standards of safety in motoring.

Remember, *all* Plymouth models are equipped with Safety-Rim Wheels and Super Cushion tires *at no extra cost.*



Chrysler Engineers have done wonders to cushion their cars against up and down shocks (left). Lateral or crosswise shocks (right) had never been satisfactorily absorbed until Goodyear produced Super Cushion tires. Pillow-like Super Cushions soak up lateral shock and give a smoother "cushioned" ride.

PLYMOUTH GREAT IN SAFETY

Look at these Plymouth Features . . .

New Safety Hydraulic Brakes • Patented Floating-Power Engine Mountings to smother vibration • New Starter with button on dash • Safety-Rim Wheels for blowout protection • New Front-end Sway Eliminator • All-steel Safety Body • New Body Guard Bumper • Hotchkiss Drive to cushion starting and stopping • Lightweight Aluminum Pistons • Wear-resisting Super-finished Parts • New Gasoline Filter.

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